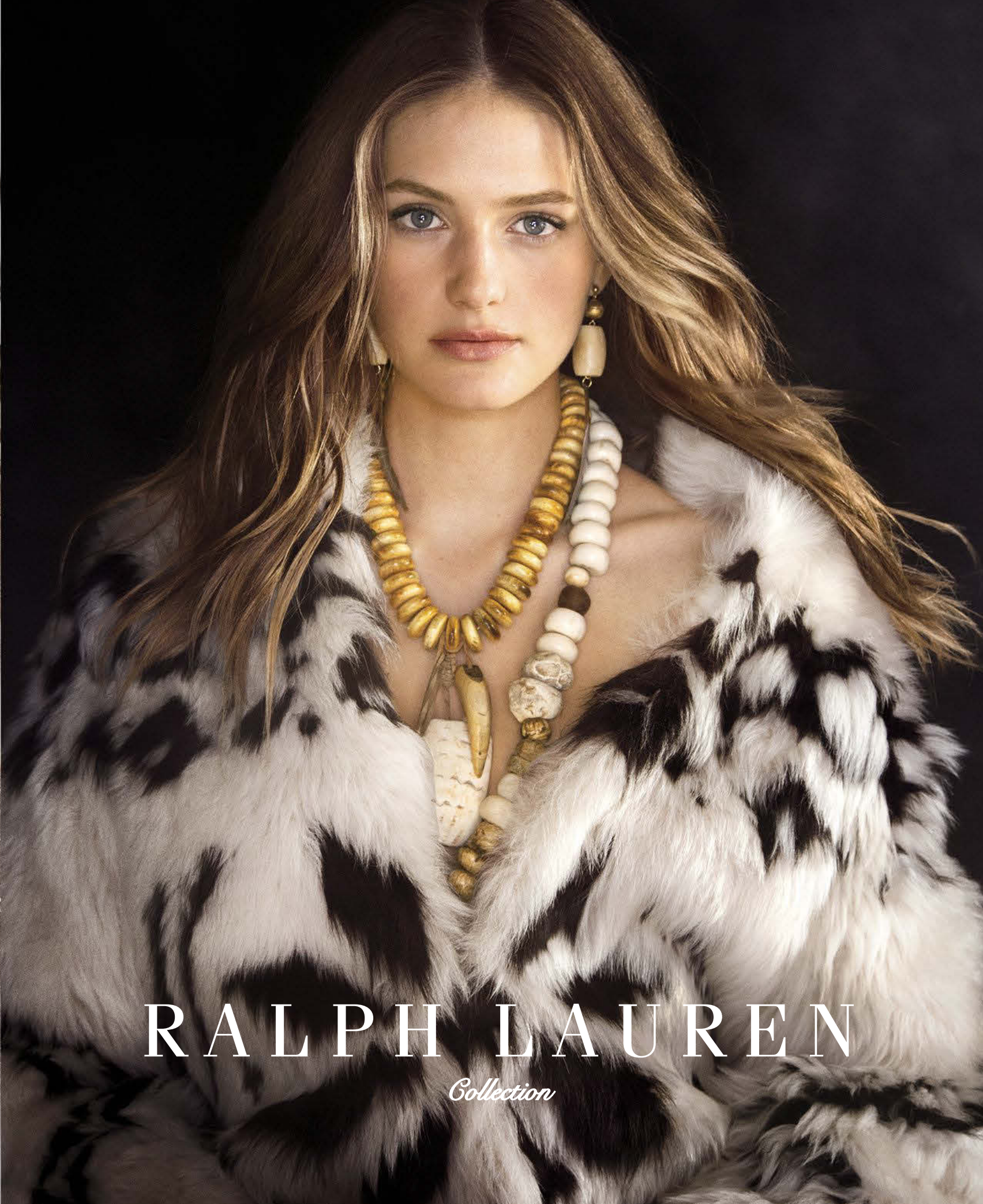
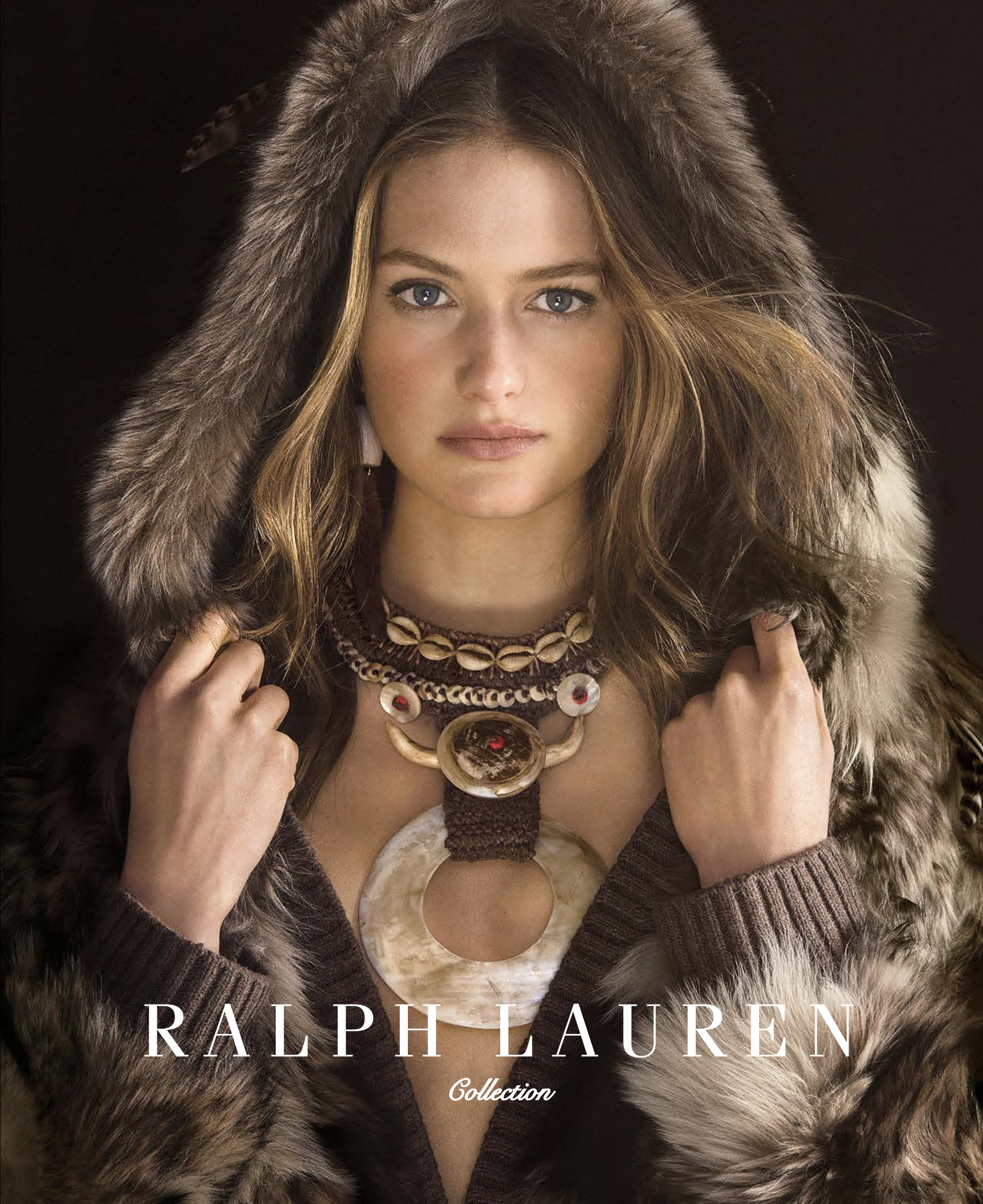

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POP ED

"The Way Out Fantastical—But Why Not Possible—Dream World of the Debutante" matched eight debs with their idols, among them Jerry Schatzberg, the "'in' lensman" who shot the portfolio (and the cover, which featured Alexandra Chace and her favorite band, the Rolling Stones). Rhodena Dalsemer appeared with Andy Warhol, a former illustrator who was then starting to make real money in household goods.

DAVID LAWRENCE/STUDIO D, STYLED BY BARBARA EISEN FOR R.J. BENNETT REPRESENTS (MAGAZINE PAGE)

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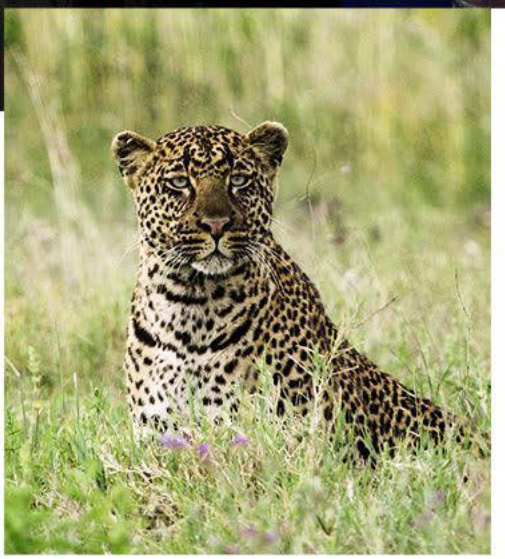


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MATTHEW BROOKES (HEWSON)

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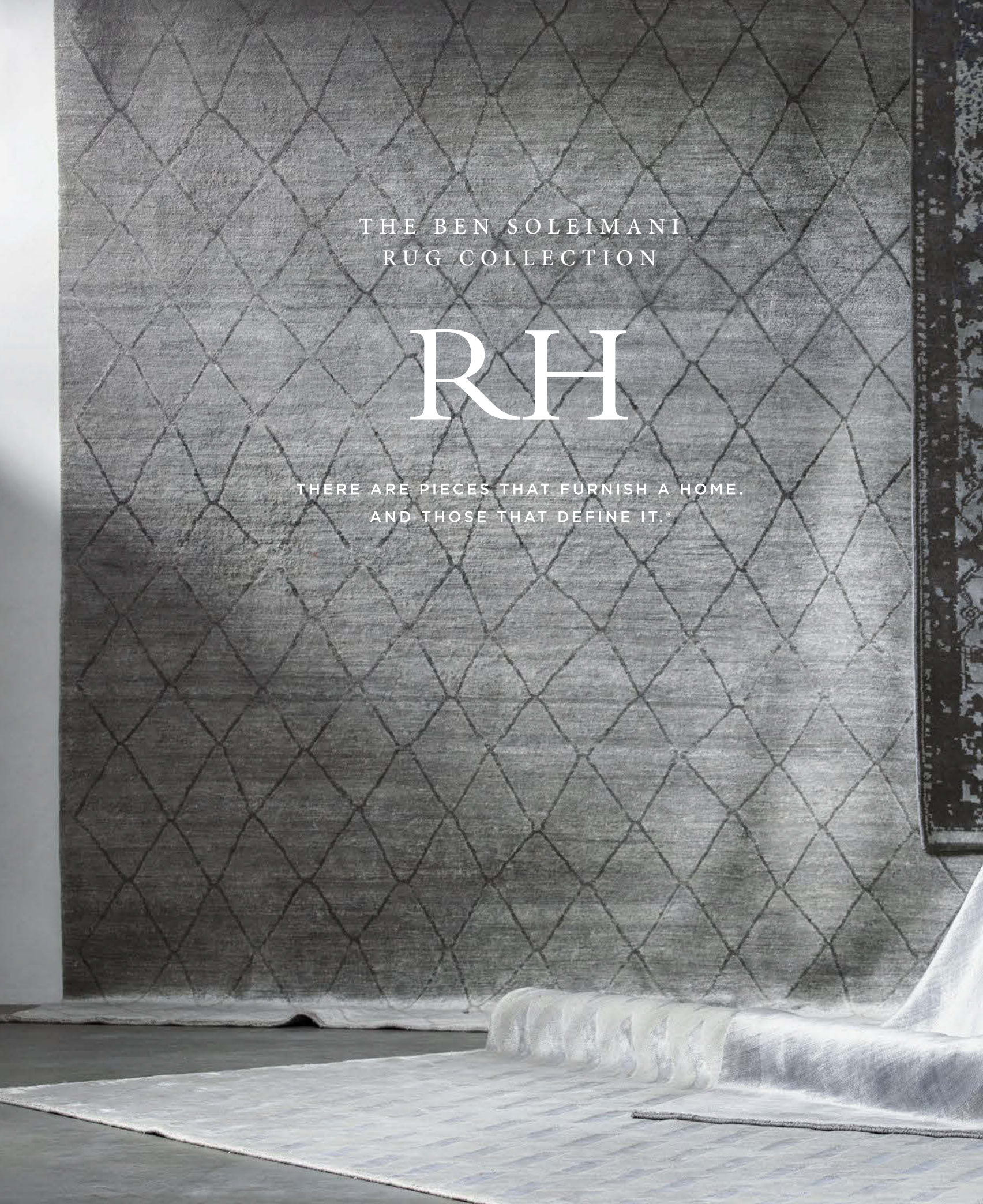
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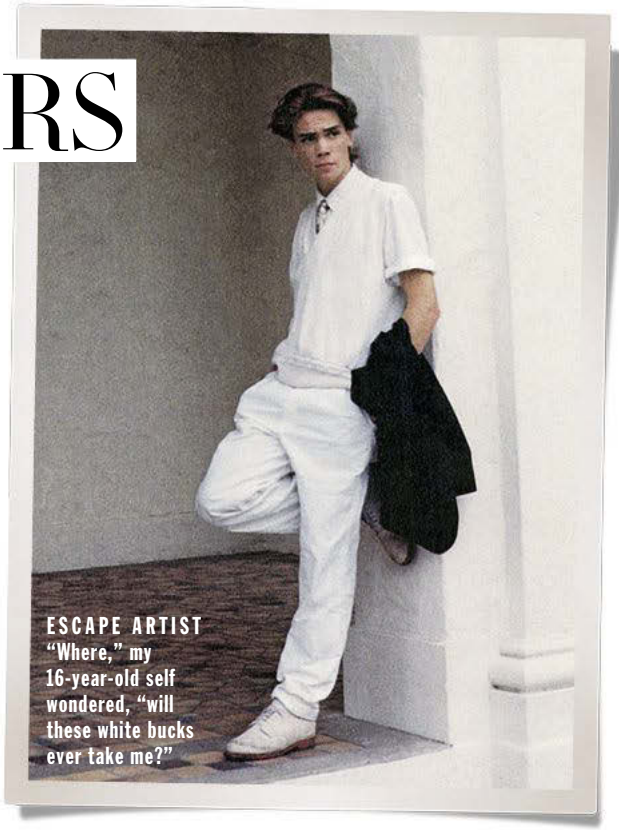


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ESCAPE ARTIST "Where," my 16-year-old self wondered, "will these white bucks ever take me?"

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I once had a friend named Julian. This was 30 years ago, when I was 16 and growing up in San Antonio. My family was Episcopalian but didn't attend church much; even so, I became an acolyte assigned to the early service, which made it even more likely I'd be going alone. I had to arrive around eight so that I'd have time to slip into the crucifer's white vestments and light the candles, yet invariably I woke up late and made up for lost time by pushing my four-speed 1969 Volvo 144 until the needle of the heat gauge danced into the red.

I cringe a little when I picture myself then. Yellow-lighting it down the final stretch of a palm-lined drive with cars parked on either side, trying to outspeed the clock on my dashboard as it ticked toward the moment when the service would begin, I was in such a panic that I often didn't touch the brake pedal until the nose of the car had broken the plane of my favorite parking spot. Franny Glass's pilgrim and Somerset Maugham's *The Razor's Edge* had given me romantic ideas about the holy life, but I'm not sure how my hell-on-wheels Sunday morning dash fit into the picture.

Sprinting for the sacristy, I'd catch a blurred glimpse of the church, a beautiful old thing made of brick and sandstone, with a tall spire and a genteel garnish of ancient oaks. The core of the congregation was the well-heeled offspring of the city's prominent families, and the pageantry of dress had a cocktail hour snap. From where I sat near the altar, I could take in how their wardrobe changed with the seasons while listening to some memorable sermons (one of which was delivered by an associate priest wearing a rubber skull extension that made him look like Dan Aykroyd doing a Conehead sketch) and occasionally feeling the cold slap of mortality when I came across lines like these, from one of Isaac Watts's famous 18th-century hymns:

Time, like an ever rolling stream
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Hanging out afterward with a band of kids scattered from other high schools and neighborhoods who shared this seventh-day bond, I was always making a new friend. One day the boyfriend of someone showed up, a cool guy, I could tell, because he was wearing a pair of Diadora Heritage tennis shoes with a blue blazer. Julian, as he introduced himself, looked like Sting in the middle of puberty: spiked blond hair with an Adam's apple. I was trying to signal my own allegiance to the New Wave section of the record store with a complex mix of moussed hair, white bucks, and a bolo tie. It was clear, without our having to say it, that we liked the same music, the ultimate test of compatibility at that age.

Soon enough we began hanging out. For some reason I always seemed to go to his place, a bungalow apartment full of creeping plants, European stereo equipment, and herbal aromas. Julian lived between there—with his mother, who pretty much stayed behind closed doors—and his grandparents' condo nearby. His father, a photographer perpetually traveling the globe, seemed not to have been around for years. On the walls hung many of his pictures, and it was through these and Julian's prized possession—the Rolleiflex around his neck that his dad had given him—that he conjured the flickering mirage of his family.

He and I competed, as friends do, over the things we envied about each other. I imagine it was genuinely hard for Julian to know I had a father at home; one reason he never came over probably was so he could pretend it wasn't true. And I think I wished for what Julian had: a little freedom from an authority figure who, when you're that age, can seem more enemy than friend. But we were just as receptive when it came to each other's delusions. Would Julian become the next Mats Wilander? I could see that. Was I going to be F. Scott Fitzgerald? He was pretty positive.

"I think I should probably go to Exeter," I said one day, as I watched him smoke a cigarette.

"That'd be good," he said. "It's not far from Andover. I could visit you."

Neither of us had even applied to boarding school, much less the top two in the world (one of which you can read about on page 112). But we didn't call each other's bluff. We were, like most people, encircled by dream-dousing circumstances, and what we needed was the company of someone who could appreciate a colorful piece of fiction.

There's a blank in my memory between that conversation and the next time I saw Julian, perhaps a few months later. I remember having the sense—it was probably the reason I hadn't seen him—that his grandparents had been forced to take him in. We first exchanged endearing insults, and then, with a forced smile, he told me it was finally coming true. "They're sending me to boarding school," he said. I don't recall who looked less excited, him or me.

JF



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WHAT WAS YOUR LAST GREAT PURCHASE? A pair of earrings from Faraone Mennella ($1,250, FARAONEMENNELLA.COM)—striking *and* they go with everything.



WHERE ARE YOU TRAVELING TO NEXT? Poland in October (Warsaw, Krakow, and little Kazimierz, an early Renaissance gem), then a cruise on the Irrawaddy in Burma with Cazenove + Loyd.



WHAT ACCESSORY DO YOU LUST AFTER? A large Céline handbag. I love the boldness of the shape and the lack of hardware ($3,250, NEIMANMARCUS.COM).

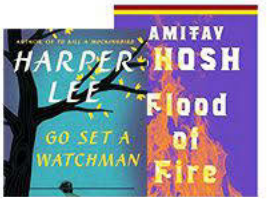


US OPEN

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FORWARD TO? I try to go to the U.S. Open every year. I used to play tennis, but now I'm just a big fan. I was at Wimbledon last summer, and I hope someday to go to the French, Italian, and Australian Opens.



WHAT'S ON YOUR FALL SHOPPING LIST? August is when I start dreaming about cool, crisp fall weather. I will be wearing this Veronica Beard jacket in my dreams ($895, VERONICABEARD.COM).



WHAT ARE YOU READING? I'm looking forward to reading *Flood of Fire*, the final book in Amitav Ghosh's Ibis trilogy, and *Go Set a Watchman*. *To Kill a Mockingbird* is one of my favorite books, and it will be nice to catch up with Scout and Atticus Finch.

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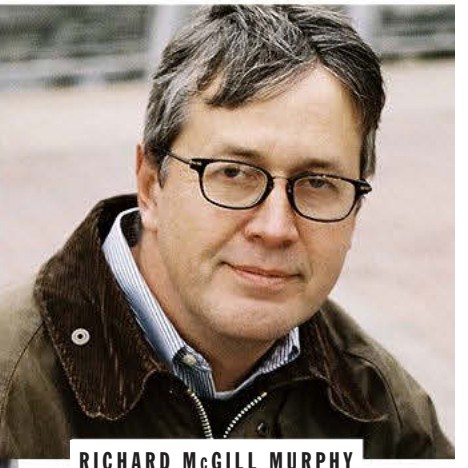

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PAULA McLAIN

"Beryl Markham was many years ahead of her time—an utterly singular woman with a talent for boldness and self-reinvention," says McLain of her subject in **"ANIMAL ATTRACTION"** (page 96). "I was inspired by her indomitable spirit." McLain, author of *The Paris Wife* and the forthcoming novelization of Markham's life, *Circling the Sun* (Ballantine), lives in Cleveland with her family.



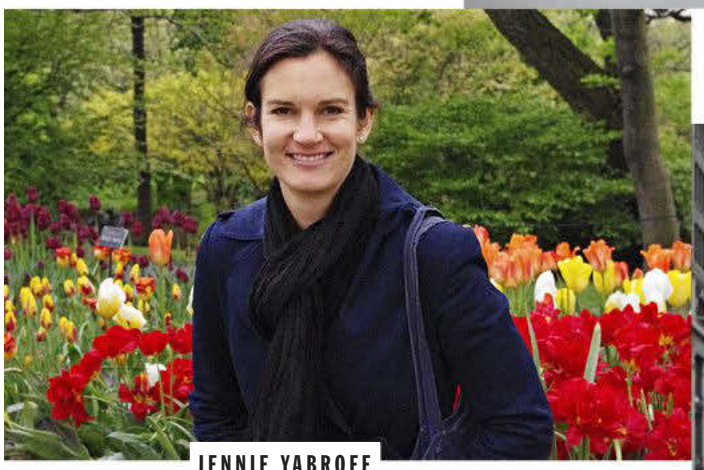
RICHARD McGILL MURPHY

For **"CLASS REBEL"** (page 112) contributing editor Murphy returned to his prep school to profile John Palfrey, the headmaster of Phillips Andover Academy. Thirty years after graduating, Murphy spent several days on campus, shadowing Palfrey, interviewing students and faculty, and even scrimmaging with the girls varsity soccer team. "I had a blast all week, although I nearly passed out during the header drill," Murphy says. "And it was disconcerting to be addressed as 'Mr. Murphy' by a bunch of preppy teenagers who reminded me of my younger self."

BOB MORRIS

Morris, who writes about neighborly disputes in **"BOUNDARY ISSUES"** (page 108), admits to being a prickly neighbor himself and says he's had his share of difficulties with everything from noise to landscaping. As a way of coping he trained in conflict resolution and is now a certified mediator in New York City. Pictured here with his dog Zoloft, he tries to keep the peace where he lives in Manhattan and on Long Island. His new memoir, *Bobby Wonderful*, is out now.





JENNIE YABROFF

Yabroff profiled Eve Hewson for our **"T&C 50 MODERN SWANS"** portfolio (page 72). "For having grown up the daughter of one of the most famous men in the world, Eve is astonishingly down-to-earth," Yabroff says. "She told me about being utterly starstruck when she saw the girl from the Wendy's commercials having lunch in L.A." Yabroff, who has written for the *New York Times*, the *New York Observer*, and the *Daily Beast*, lives in New York City with her family.



MATTHEW BROOKES

The self-taught photographer was born in England, grew up in South Africa, and now lives in Paris and New York. In this issue he shot Eve Hewson and five other young women dominating the social universe for our **"T&C 50 MODERN SWANS"** portfolio (page 72). "Eve has a very strong character, so it was interesting to capture her in a more masculine way," Brookes says. His work has also appeared in *Vogue* and *T*, among other magazines, and his book of photographs of Parisian ballet dancers, *Les Danseurs*, will be published this fall by Damiani.

PHILIPP PAULUS (BROOKES)

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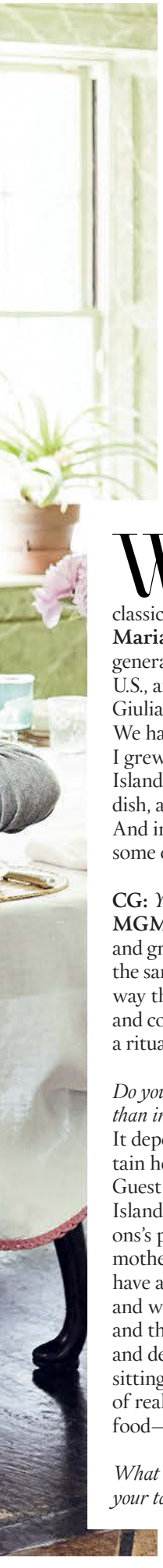
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FAMILY STYLE
Maria Giulia Maramotti (*left*) and Cornelia Guest, in the dining room of Guest's Long Island home.
ON MARAMOTTI: **MAX MARA** TOP ($450), PANTS ($575), AND SHOES ($625). ON GUEST: **MAX MARA** TOP ($495) AND SKIRT ($535), MAXMARA.COM; **PAUL ANDREW** SHOES ($675), PAULANDREW.COM.

HAIR BY DINA CALABRO USING NUMBER 4 HAIR CARE. MAKEUP BY MARNI BURTON FOR CROSBY CARTER MANAGEMENT USING DOLL 10 AND JAPONESQUE. STYLED BY MARYKATE BOYLAN



GUEST BOOK

POT *Stirrers*

TWO MODERN WOMEN *WITH STRONG* FAMILY TRADITIONS *SHARE THE* SECRET RECIPE *FOR ENTERTAINING WITH OLD WORLD* GRANDEUR *AND NEW WORLD* EASE.

By Cornelia Guest Photograph by Douglas Friedman

When I think of Italy, I think of Max Mara, a family-owned company that makes beautiful, classic clothes, so I was happy to meet **Maria Giulia Maramotti**. She's third-generation, the director of retail in the U.S., and the new face of the brand. Maria Giulia loves to cook and entertain, as I do. We had a ball in the kitchen of the house I grew up in, in Old Westbury, Long Island. Together we made her signature dish, a risotto with saffron and vegetables. And in between I managed to squeeze out some of her secret recipes for Italian style.

CG: *You love to cook. Who's your inspiration?*
MGM: I learned to cook from my mother and grandmother. The recipes are basically the same. What I like the most about the way they cook is the passion; going home and cooking a meal was a ritual. It's what I do now.

Do you entertain differently here than in Italy?
It depends. Cornelia, you entertain here [at Templeton, the Guest family home on Long Island, made famous in Slim Aarons's photographs of Cornelia's mother C.Z.] as I do in Italy. I have a very formal setting too, and we both love the decoration and the table. We love how it's set and deciding where everyone is sitting. So it becomes a moment of real gathering. It's way beyond food—it's all about fun!

What are your favorite things to set your table with?
I love to use mixed pottery. I like my table to be extremely colorful. I use some old Mexican plates and some bowls I bought on the same trip. They don't match perfectly. Things are always different and colorful. I also have a nice set of Rosenthal. For cocktail parties I bring out small plates from Mud Australia, red ones.

What traditions have you taken from your parents? I'm sure there are some that you have modernized.
In a way I'm much less formal than my mother and grandmother. I like to stand around the kitchen and help and cook. Society has changed, and my way of entertaining is much more laid-back, but I love tradition. Even when I'm alone I always have my table set in a nice way. That is something I have definitely taken from my family.

You're making a risotto with peas. Why do you think risotto is so tough for Americans to make?
Well, I think it's two things. The rice is a very important component. You have to find the right riso carnaroli—the real thing. When you cook risotto you must be patient, because it takes a while, and it's not about measuring everything out perfectly. It's not about following a recipe. It's about the smell. The taste. The consistency. The texture. At the end of the day, cooking is about creativity. I do it with my eyes. Sometimes I add different things.

Where do you get the rice?
I usually cook with the riso carnaroli from Eataly, in New York, but sometimes you can also find artisanal rice in linen bags—which is the best for absorbing the broth—coming directly from the Turin area.

What wine do you like to serve?
I usually serve—with risotto—Amarone, an Italian red wine that is by far my favorite. «

RISOTTO PRIMAVERA

Serves four people

- **2 cups riso carnaroli**
- **1 stalk celery**
- **1 red onion**
- **3 carrots**
- **2 tablespoons extra virgin olive oil**
- **1 cup fresh green peas**
- **2 zucchinis**
- **2 teaspoons salt**
- **2 teaspoons pepper**
- **4 cups vegetable broth**
- **10 ounces gewürztraminer (or other white wine)**
- **3 tablespoons saffron**
- **1.5 ounces grated parmigiano reggiano (18 months old)**
- **1.5 ounces grated pecorino sardo (6 months old)**
- **1 bunch Italian parsley**

1. Finely chop the celery, the onion, and one carrot, to prepare what Italians call a soffritto.
2. Put it in a pan with olive oil and cook over a very low flame until the onion starts getting golden (about 5 minutes).
3. Add the remaining carrots, chopped; the peas; and the zucchini, sliced; cook for about 3 minutes.
4. Add the salt and pepper.
5. Pour in the rice. In the meantime, heat vegetable broth to a boil in a separate pot.
6. Stir the rice energetically for a couple of minutes (always in the same direction), then pour in the wine. The risotto will absorb it pretty quickly.
7. Gradually add half a cup of the broth, making sure to continue stirring constantly as the rice absorbs it, and then keep adding broth. This process will take about 20 minutes.
8. Taste the rice. If it's soft, add the saffron along with a tablespoon of the remaining broth. The rice will suddenly become yellow.
9. Finally, add the grated parmigiano and pecorino, continuing to stir until the risotto becomes almost creamy.
10. Let it rest for a few minutes. I usually pour the risotto into a risottiera, so it stays warm, and sprinkle chopped parsley on top.

AUGUST

By Stellene Volandes

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ARTS & CULTURE

August 29
Royal Hawaiian Featherwork
Designers in search of inspiration should flock to San Francisco's de Young Museum. Capes made from feathers of the islands' birds will be on display.



Through August 6
Monte-Carlo Philharmonic Orchestra
The Monte-Carlo Philharmonic performs in the courtyard of the Princely Palace. Dress code: Channel Grace Kelly.

August 6
The Daily Show with Jon Stewart
His last show. Will we have to survive the 2016 campaign without him?

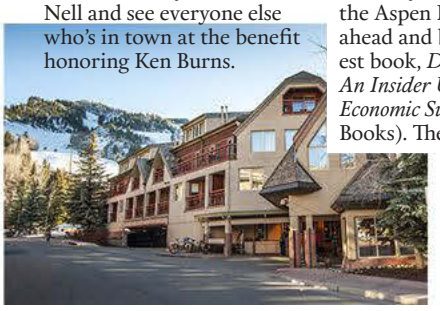
Through August 16
"Van Gogh: Irises and Roses"
Stop on the roof of New York's Metropolitan Museum for the view (and a drink), but linger with these four flower paintings, reunited for the first time since van Gogh's death.

Through November 22
Venice Biennale
Works at this international fair include the rarely seen Jackson Pollock mural that Peggy Guggenheim commissioned (*below*) for her NYC townhouse—inspiration, undoubtedly, for many a future palazzo.



ASPEN IN SUMMER

August 8
Aspen Institute 22nd Annual Summer Celebration Dinner
You've always wanted to see what all the fuss was about in this ski town in the off-season. Stay at the Little Nell and see everyone else who's in town at the benefit honoring Ken Burns.



August 13
A Conversation with Treasury Secretary Hank Paulson
Walter Isaacson takes on former Goldman CEO and U.S. Secretary of the Treasury Hank Paulson at the Aspen Institute. Think ahead and buy Paulson's latest book, *Dealing with China: An Insider Unmasks the New Economic Superpower* (Twelve Books). There will be a quiz.

The Great OUTDOORS

THE BEST SUMMER ACTIVITIES *HAVE* ONE THING *IN COMMON.*



August 15–16
Jazz Age Lawn Party on Governors Island
Drink champagne, quote *The Great Gatsby*, wear pearls, crash.



August 1
East Hampton Sand Castle Contest
A competition to benefit the Clamshell Foundation, which helps local residents in need. Everyone who enters gets a house on the water.

August 9
Verdi's *La Traviata*
Open-air opera at the Hollywood Bowl.

Through September 20
Silencio x Maison de l'Aiguebrun
David Lynch's private Paris club moves to an estate in the South of France. There will be guestrooms, a bar and restaurant, and films. Open to members and those who "request" a reservation.

August 22
East Coast Polo Open
The Greenwich Polo Club hosts some of the best players in the world.

MOVABLE FEASTS





August 7
Guild Hall Summer Gala
This Hamptons event celebrates the Roy Lichtenstein exhibit at the museum. (You can opt to show your enthusiasm on a rainy day.)

August 19
Hermès Parfumerie
How to smell rich: The brand's first store devoted to fragrance opens at NYC's 225 Liberty Street.

August 1
Hamptons Party and Paddle for Pink
This benefit for the Breast Cancer Research Foundation kicks off with an early morning paddleboard race. By sunset the crowd moves on to a party at a private residence.

SPORTS



August 31–September 13
U.S. Open
If Serena Williams signs our enormous tennis ball this year, we're giving her this Marco Bicego racket pin.

August 27–September 1
Necker Open
What will $80,000 buy you these days? Three days of golf, beginning at Georgia's Sea Island resort and ending on Richard Branson's Necker Island. Amateurs play alongside PGA legends.

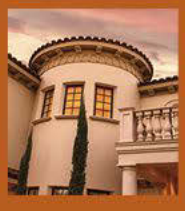
July 25–August 2
Vans U.S. Open of Surfing
The largest surfing competition in the world, in Huntington Beach—a chance to reignite your inner Spicoli.

August 16
Palio di Siena
Jockeys ride bareback around the city in the name of a 700-year-old tradition.



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SCORECARD



SUMMER *Bacchanalia*

WE COMPARE WEEK-LONG PAGAN-TINGED PARTIES WHERE THE RICH GO NATIVE.

By Ash Carter



BURNING MAN		BOHEMIAN GROVE
Some friends gather on San Francisco's Baker Beach. They burn stuff. **1986**	EST.	**1878** San Francisco's exclusive Bohemian Club (est. 1872) holds its first retreat.
 Hippies, Wiccans, the **Silicon Valley elite**.	WHO	**Republican presidents**, various shadowy figures. 
 Since 1990, Nevada's **Black Rock Desert**.	WHERE	A private forest in **northern California**. 
65,000 ADMIT ONE	ATTENDANCE	**2,900** ADMIT ONE
See **"WHO"** 	IMAGE PROBLEM	 "Grovers" are said to secretly run the world—a well-lubricated conspiracy.
Cirque du Soleil: Fury Road.	DRESS	**Convention casual**.
Absolutely no commerce (after the $390 admission fee). 	RULES	No press, **no girls**.
Recreational **pharmaceuticals**.	SIGNATURE COCKTAIL	 **Gin fizz**, served in bed each morning.
 **Public art**.	SELF-EXPRESSION	**Outdoor urination**. 

DEBRA REID/AP PHOTO (BURNING MAN FIGURE); STEVE JENNINGS/GETTY IMAGES FOR MERCHANTCANTOS (ZUCKERBERG); NOAH BERGER/BLOOMBERG/GETTY IMAGES (WINKLEVOSSES); BILL PUGLIANO/GETTY IMAGES (MUSK); SCOTT NELSON/AFP/GETTY IMAGES (BLACK ROCK DESERT); MARK GILLOW/GETTY IMAGES (DRINKS); MIKE NELSON/AFP/GETTY IMAGES (BURNING MAN FESTIVALGOERS); JIM RANKIN/TORONTO STAR/GETTY IMAGES (HEAD SCULPTURE); HARRY LANGDON/GETTY IMAGES (REAGAN); BACHRACH/GETTY IMAGES (NIXON); KEVORK DJANSEZIAN/GETTY IMAGES (BUSH); E+/GETTY IMAGES (TREES); GREGOR SCHUSTER/GETTY IMAGES (PILLS); 7NUIT/GETTY IMAGES (HYDRANT)



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PENNY DE LOS SANTOS

CUISINE

The Italian JOB

TOILING FOR FREE ON A TUSCAN FARM *HAS ITS REWARDS—PARTICULARLY WHEN THE MEALS ARE* PROVIDED BY A TOP CHEF.

By Leiti Hsu

Last fall a friend in New York asked if I could help her with the annual harvest at a farm she owns. The work would be mind-numbing and sweaty, and my payment would be to serve as a test subject for a book she was writing. Oh, and I would have to travel to a foreign country.

I should probably mention that the friend is Sara Jenkins, chef/owner of the beloved New York restaurants Porsena and Porchetta, and the farm—an olive orchard, to be precise—is in Tuscany. The experiment involved being a guinea pig for recipes devised by Sara and her mother Nancy Harmon Jenkins (author of the 1994 classic *The Mediterranean Diet Cookbook*) for their new cookbook, ***The Four Seasons of Pasta*** (Avery, $35).

Not surprisingly, I said yes, and I soon found myself zipping down the Autostrada del Sole through the spectacular Tuscan hills. My destination was a rebuilt *casa dei contadini* outside the medieval town of Cortona, bought by Nancy in 1971 (for $5,000!).

Upon arriving I met my fellow lab rats (including the president of a photo agency, a columnist for a glossy magazine, and a filmmaker from ➳





SOUL FOOD ***Previous page:*** **Sara and Nancy Jenkins's fish ceviche.** ***Left:*** **Ripening olives.** ***Right:*** **Braised wild mushrooms.**

Milan), and we were given our first task: sampling fresh loaves of schiacciata con l'uva—focaccia studded with grapes—followed by steaming bowls of ribollita, a farmhouse soup made of leftover beans, bread, and vegetables (its name means "reboiled") that Nancy calls "the iconic dish of Tuscan cuisine."

The next morning was cold. The Jenkinses' property, which had no electricity, plumbing, or telephone when they moved in, sits on a rocky hilltop 2,000 feet above sea level, surrounded by boar-filled forests of chestnut and oak and buffeted by alpine winds. You're supposed to pluck olives by milking the branches with your fist as the fruit, popping like bubble wrap, lands in hand-woven baskets tied to your waist. This, as you stand in a tree. Okay, so it's not coal mining, but the Jenkinses have more than 150 olive trees.

Our reward was an ample serving of pecorino—not the cheese but a humble white wine that Sara serves at her restaurants—and a hearty dinner that included a sagne a pezzi (which essentially translates as "short broken pieces of lasagna") made with smushed-up bits of squash lodged in the pasta ridges. It came with radicchio that had been wilted in the fragrant heat generated by burning olive branches in the farmhouse's old stone fireplace and then topped with a garlicky anchovy pesto. Swooning with delight, we judged it acceptable for publication.

The next day we labored among the branches again—*pop, pop, pop*—then took our yield to the local mill. Nancy had advised us to see olive oil as a fruit juice: the fresher the better, since the taste (and the nutrients for which olives get their deserved reputation as a health food) begins to fade immediately. The mill even had a wood fire for grilling bread, in case you wanted to sample the oil right away. Unfortunately, parasites and disease are major problems for olive growers in Italy, especially since the arrival of *Xylella fastidiosa*, an imported bacterium that is wiping out trees in the south and spreading north. In Tuscany the problem, for now, is the olive fruit fly—*la mosca*—which burrows into the fruit and lays eggs, leaving the olives shriveled after they hatch. Many of the Jenkinses' neighbors have seen their harvests devastated.

Ours, however, perhaps because of the property's elevation, were shiny and unblemished. *Miracolo!* After the olives were pressed by machine, their liquid—otherworldly and neon green—flowed from a spigot; we bottled it and rushed home to pour it over toasted bread, soup, pasta, and pinzimonio (crudités dipped in sea salt).

For dessert we tucked into clementines that, like everything in Tuscany it seemed, were more flavorful than any I've had in the U.S. Warmed by a homemade walnut digestivo, the work behind us, we talked and drank into the night. «



PERFECT TENS ***Clockwise from far left:*** **Eliza; Angelica; Soo and Miranda.**

DUEL *INTEREST*

AMERICAN HISTORY'S *FIRST* IT GIRL *MOVES* UPTOWN.

The final Public Theater performance of *Hamilton*—Lin-Manuel Miranda's hip-hop retelling of Ron Chernow's biography of the founding father—happened the same night as the Metropolitan Museum of Art's annual gala. Had the "party of the year" taken place in the midst of the Revolution, Eliza Schuyler Hamilton would surely have snapped a red carpet selfie for the society pages of the Pony Express. She and her sister Angelica, descendants of founders of the Dutch West India company, were among New York's most eligible women when Alexander Hamilton and his Federalist cronies came to town. And in Miranda's show, which moves to Broadway on July 13 after its sold-out downtown run, it is his wife Eliza (played by Phillipa Soo), founder of New York's first private orphanage and fierce protector of Hamilton's legacy after his death at the hands of Aaron Burr, who gets the last word. ***Stellene Volandes***

PENNY DE LOS SANTOS (OLIVES, MUSHROOMS); GRANGER NYC (ELIZA, ANGELICA); JOAN MARCUS (STAGE STILL); DAVID LAWRENCE/STUDIO D, STYLED BY BARBARA EISEN FOR R.J. BENNETT REPRESENTS (PLAYBILL)

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COURSE CORRECTOR Mary Grace (*center*) with two girls she supports. *Below:* A class in Uganda that benefits from her designs, such as these two pony buttons.

Scrunchie POWER

FOR SIX YEARS MARY GRACE HENRY *HAS BEEN EDUCATING* GIRLS IN AFRICA. *SHE'S ALL OF 18 NOW.*

By Kevin Conley

It isn't easy to reach Mary Grace Henry, the teenage founder of the nonprofit **Reverse the Course**, a New York accessories company named partly for its first big hit—reversible headbands—and partly for its lofty ambition: to change girls' lives in sub-Saharan Africa through higher education. On Friday she was at golf practice at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Greenwich, Connecticut. On Sunday she had to edit a documentary about the plight of girls targeted by Reverse the Course, which has helped 66 thus far get through 154 combined years of higher education. Eventually a voice answers that sounds like Mary Grace. "Oh, no. I'm her mom. Hold on. Let me go grab her."

At 18, Mary Grace is already a veteran businesswoman, with six years at the head of her independently operated accessories line. She started at 12, when, inspired by her school's regular fund drives to support sister schools in Uganda, she begged her parents for a sewing machine. "They officially didn't react. My dad just turned the page of his newspaper," Mary Grace remembers. "And my mom didn't even glance at me." Finally, she says, after weeks of campaigning, her dad "caved," and she spent the next two months sewing and resewing reversible headbands until she had 50 she liked. Her school bookstore sold out the entire stock in two days, and Reverse the Course was in business, although it wasn't officially incorporated until two months later, a detail Mary Grace delegated to her father, since for the next five years it would be illegal for her to perform many normal CEO duties, such as signing checks or contracts.

Her product line has since expanded into barrettes, bows, buttons, and 67 new styles of headband, in addition to rapidly proliferating versions of the original, not to mention a full complement of ponytail technology: pony bows, pony buttons, pony frills, and pony slides. The collection (available at reversethecourse.org) is pitched at a tween and teenage sweet spot somewhere between dress-up box and beauty closet.

And in the meantime Mary Grace has picked up some serious skills: She has learned how to create a website, market her ideas, and be prompt in her responses. She has made it policy to direct 100 percent of her profits to girls' education. ("I don't make any money," she says. "And my mom volunteers for free.") She has also learned to maintain a sizable cash reserve, so that no matter how the business is doing at any given time, she will always have enough on hand to honor the commitments she has made to girls in Africa—they can rely on her to fund a minimum of four years of secondary school.

In the process she has discovered the best way to maneuver in the nonprofit world, which she knows from both sides. On the one hand, she boosts the amount generated by her business with grants won through her own 501c3 organization. On the other, she channels the combined funds through U.S.-based NGOs, such as Maasai Girls Education Fund, with a staff both here and in Africa, because she has found that these operations have effective programs and proven ties to the communities and so can provide the highest return on her investment.

Somehow, Mary Grace has accomplished all this without missing out on other activities—she's co-captain of her school's squash team—or losing touch with her friends, who like to come to street fairs and sell the accessories in the booth with her. And she has turned into a poised spokeswoman for the power of education; she held her own at *T&C*'s May Philanthropy Summit amid some impressive company. "If you educate a girl," she says, "the statistics show that when she has children, she'll be more likely to see that they too get an education."

She likes to imagine the ripple effect of her contributions leading to lasting change. "This is a message I've discovered through my own entrepreneurship: When you give someone a skill set, they don't have to beg for a job. They can go into their community and identify a need and address it. Because these girls know the best way to go about it, change will happen faster." «

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: SADE JOSEPH; MARY GRACE HENRY; DAVID LAWRENCE/STUDIO D, STYLED BY BARBARA EISEN FOR R.J. BENNETT REPRESENTS

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LIVING COLOR *Clockwise from below:* Jongerius; a palette update for Vitra; the United Nations curtain.

Going DUTCH

DESIGNER HELLA JONGERIUS REVOLUTIONIZES *"EVERYTHING* OLD IS *NEW* AGAIN."

By Pilar Viladas

The Dutch designer Hella Jongerius is known for provocative objects, from her rubber vases and sinks for Droog Design in the 1990s to her 2005 Polder sofa for Vitra, which was inspired by and named for tracts of land reclaimed from the sea in her native Holland. Her contributions to the 2013 renovation of the North Delegates Lounge at the United Nations included a curtain of thousands of porcelain beads. And she recently reimagined KLM's business class cabin with her typically tactile and homey touch.

But Jongerius really threw down the gauntlet in April when she released ***Beyond the New: A Search for Ideals in Design***, a manifesto written with Louise Schouwenberg, of the Design Academy Eindhoven, which has long been an incubator of cutting-edge ideas. "We advocate an idealistic agenda in design, as we deplore the obsession with the New for the sake of the New," the manifesto begins, adding that while design is flourishing, there is also "a depressing cornucopia of pointless products."

Jongerius and Schouwenberg promote a return to the Bauhaus ideal of industrial production making excellent design available to the many, not just the few. Innovation is a positive thing—as long as the goods are thoughtfully conceived—but so is "continually reexamining what already exists, delving into the archives, poring over the classics," to find "what untapped potential" they hold in "materials, colors, functions, and forms."

Jongerius practices what she preaches. She has been working closely with Vitra and the Finnish company Artek (which Vitra bought in 2013), creating color and finishes for both current products and Modernist classics, like Jean Prouvé's Standard chair and Alvar Aalto's 401 chair, as well as updating her Polder sofa and developing new colors and yarns for the Dutch rug company Danskina. Good design, Jongerius told me, is "an organism that will never be finished. It just needs some oxygen." «





HOT SEATS The Artek Armchair 401 and a new Polder Compact sofa.





HIS AND HERS *Below:* Vladimir Kagan. *Above:* A room designed by Amy Lau.



MODERN *LOVE*

A virtuoso of avant-garde interior design wows a new generation.

Vladimir Kagan's sensuous, biomorphic furniture was a hit in the *Mad Men* era, and the 88-year-old designer's work still has legs. An updated edition of a 2004 book on his career, *Vladimir Kagan: A Lifetime of Avant Garde Design* (Pointed Leaf Press, $85), retains its preface by Tom Ford (a Kagan collector) and adds photos of recent interiors by such designers as Amy Lau and Lisa Perry that feature Kagan pieces. There's also a new foreword by Zaha Hadid, whose own furniture designs are clearly indebted to the sinuous functionality of such Kagan classics as the Serpentine sofa. *P.V.*

MARKUS JANS (JONGERIUS); MARCUS GAAB (PALETTE UPDATE); FRANK OUDEMAN (UN LOUNGE); ACHIM HATZIUS/ARTEK (ARMCHAIR); KIM SARGENT/ROOM DESIGN BY AMY LAU (LIVING ROOM); RICHARD MAJCHRZAK/STUDIO D (BOOK); VITTORIO ZUNINO CELOTTO/GETTY IMAGES (KAGAN)

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Great WHITE

THE UP-FROM-NOTHING *STORY OF ONE OF* CALIFORNIA'S BEST *NEW WINES.*

By Jay McInerney

Dan Petroski leads a double life. He makes white wine for hipsters—crisp, lively blends beloved of somms, wine bloggers, and bibulous young foodies. And he makes Napa cabernet for, well, the people who drink Napa cabernet. (You know who you are.) Since it's too hot right now to drink cabernet, it behooves us to talk about his whites first. Not to mention that white is the new red.

For most of recorded history, red wine has gotten the glory, the girls, the scores, and the big bucks. This is especially true in the Napa Valley, where cabernet sauvignon is king. But in recent years, partly in response to dining trends that increasingly emphasize fish, vegetables, and Asian spices, white wine has become more and more fashionable. Check out the wine list at Noma, the world's most influential restaurant: two thirds white. Or consider the fact that in the span of a few years Petroski has made a name for himself with **Massican**, his line of Italian-inspired Napa whites.

Petroski, who is 42, grew up in Park Slope, Brooklyn, and attended Columbia University, where he played football and majored in history. An excruciating hangover after a loss to Princeton caused him to avoid wine for the next five years. However, while working for Time Inc. for close to a decade, first at *Sports Illustrated*, then at *Time* magazine, he became passionate about wine, and in 2005 he sold his apartment, quit his job, and moved to Italy to learn how to make it.



It was during this time that I met Petroski, at Soho House, the private club in Manhattan's Meatpacking District. As he remembers it, I was pecking away at my laptop in the club's sixth-floor lounge when he approached with a line bound to get my attention. ("You're my favorite wine writer," he said.) Admiring his judgment, I closed my laptop and we talked about wine and publishing. Apparently we exchanged e-mail addresses, because over the next few years I would receive periodic updates on his odyssey/midlife crisis.

In Italy, with the help of a friend, Petroski found work at a Sicilian winery, Valle dell'Acate. "I had no viticulture background and no Italian language skills," he now says. Valle dell'Acate is located near the southernmost point of Italy, and in the winter Petroski traveled north. "I was drawn especially to the whites of the northeast," he says. "They had such weight and perfume. And the winemakers there were these great eccentrics, the people warm and welcoming." He also developed a soft spot for the reds of Piedmont, home of Barolo and Barbaresco.

MAGIC HOUR Larkmead Vineyards, in Napa, where Massican's Dan Petroski received his on-the-job education in winemaking.

After a year he returned to New York hoping to find a job in wine sales or marketing, but no one was hiring. So he went to Sonoma and stayed with Webster Marquez, a young partner in a winery called Anthill Farms with whom he had developed a correspondence. Making the rounds, Petroski eventually met Andy Smith, the winemaker at DuMol, who offered him an internship. "He became my mentor," Petroski says. In addition to his job at DuMol, Smith was making wine in Napa at Larkmead Vineyards, a historic 150-acre property on the valley floor. Under Smith's tutelage, Petroski learned on the job, working with excellent Napa cabernet while dreaming up his own very different venture.

"What am I lacking?" Petroski had been asking himself since returning from his year abroad. He missed the whites he had drunk in Italy—saline, floral, citrus-driven wines "you'd want to drink on a hot day in an outdoor café." He says he also wanted to make a wine "my mother could afford." (The Larkmead cabs were too expensive.)

The results, he says, were mainly inspired by the white grape blends he encountered in Friuli, a region in the northeast of Italy. Remarkably, he located a vineyard of friulano, Friuli's signature variety, that had been planted in Napa's Chiles Valley in 1946. He also scouted up sources of another Friuli grape, ribolla gialla, as well as varieties of sauvignon blanc and an Italian grape known as greco. And while chardonnay was not on his wish list, he couldn't pass up the opportunity when, thanks to Smith, the legendary Hyde Vineyard in Sonoma offered him fruit.

In 2010, after founding the label Massican, Petroski released Annia (named after his mother), a blend of friulano, chardonnay, and ribolla gialla; Gemina, a blend of greco and pinot grigio; and a fierce, mouth-puckering sauvignon blanc. Five years later Petroski's "side project" has made him one of California winemaking's rising stars. His whites are poured by the glass at the French Laundry and Chez Panisse and featured at Daniel, Eleven Madison Park, and Alinea.

At the same time, in his day job at Larkmead, Petroski has been quietly raising the bar for Napa cabernet sauvignon. In 2012 he became the vineyard's head winemaker, succeeding Smith. Larkmead may now be the best Napa cab you've never heard of. When I visited its new Howard Backen–designed winery last year, I was blown away by the 2012s, which were rich and generous in the sunny Napa style but had a classical balance and restraint that reminded me of Bordeaux. Moreover, as good as Larkmead was that year (the 2012 Lark and Solari each got a whopping 99 points from Robert Parker), the 2013s, still in barrel, were rated between 98 and 100. And as if that weren't enough, his favorite wine writer is writing about him—not bad for a guy who says he knew almost nothing about winemaking when he took the job at Larkmead. I highly recommend you seek out the Massican whites and the Larkmead cabs before Petroski figures out a way to realize his next dream: moving back to Italy. «

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Photograph by James Wojcik
Styled by Will Kahn

PROPS STYLED BY LISA FLUDZINSKI

THREADS OF SOCIETY

Twisted MINDS

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SOCIAL CIRCLES

Plan ahead: When asked to lunch at La Grenouille after it reopens post–August vacation, channel these ladies. And order the chicken curry and coconut soufflé.



DAVID LAWRENCE/STUDIO D. STYLED BY BARBARA EISEN FOR R.J. BENNETT REPRESENTS (BRACELETS); CATWALKING/GETTY IMAGES (RUNWAY); BERENSON/VOGUE/© CONDÉ NAST (WOMEN ON SIDEWALK)

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There's a particular kind of relief felt at the moment one hears "jacket not required." If the phrase signals to men that a restaurant might not be as fussy as they feared, for women it happily erases any 1980s memories of boxy work suits and shoulder pads. This season's collections showed strong support for two-piece dressing, and the ladylike combination of a skirt and a blouse figured prominently. Without a jacket to complete the ensemble, strong and graphic accessories—a Mondrian-influenced Fendi bag, an Edie Sedgwick–worthy Chanel boot—are called in to finish the job.

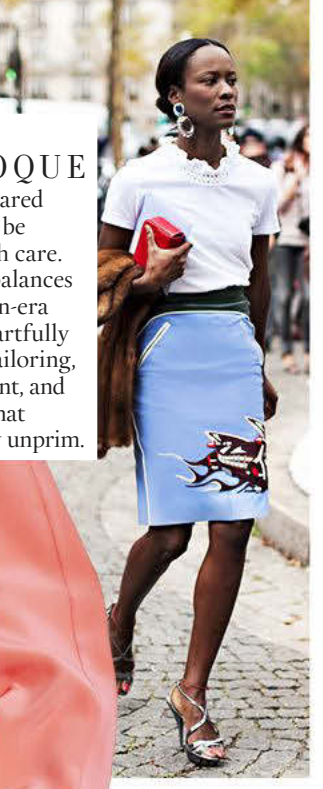
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ALEXA CHUNG

How does the unofficial goddess of the perfectly unfinished look approach a basic skirt and blouse? Textures are mixed, shoes strappy, hair undone.



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DAVID LAWRENCE/STUDIO D. STYLED BY BARBARA EISEN FOR R.J. BENNETT REPRESENTS (BLOUSE, SKIRT, SHOES); VANESSA JACKMAN (MONROQUE); LEANDRO JUSTEN/BFANYC.COM (CHUNG)

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Katie Couric, keynote address


Bally CEO Frédéric de Narp


Dr. Steve Osofsky; Klara Glowczewska; Stephen Lussier, CEO of Forevermark & Executive Vice President of Marketing for DeBeers Group


Jon Bon Jovi and Jay Fielden


Tamron Hall


Paula Kerger, President & CEO, PBS


Melissa Miller, Director of Global PR, and David Krzypow, Vice President of Marketing, Moroccanoil


Kinga Lampert, Abigail E. Disney, Jacob Lief, and Adam Braun


Michaela Pereira and Amy Danforth, Fidelity Charitable

On May 7, *Town & Country* hosted the second annual Philanthropy Summit in New York City. Held at the New-York Historical Society, the day brought together some of the most notable names in charitable giving—including Katie Couric, Jon Bon Jovi, Adrian Grenier, Tamron Hall, and Sutton Foster—and nearly 300 guests for a day of provocative discussions featuring philanthropy's most influential voices.

The event offered sponsors—Fidelity Charitable, Forevermark, Bally, 1 Hotels, City of Hope, Moroccanoil, and PBS—a one of a kind platform to showcase their mission and products to a select group of today's leading innovators, and created a boundless synergy in the modern age of giving.

Photos by Bob Krasner, Andrew Werner, and BFA.

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PLAYERS CLUB Ben Soleimani and his team, RH Polo, competed in the prestigious Cartier Queen's Cup and the British Open this summer and are now at Spain's Silver and Gold tournaments.

MATCH POINTS

IF YOU AREN'T AN INTERNATIONAL POLO CHAMPION, *CAN YOU STILL* DRESS LIKE ONE?

By Whitney Robinson

Polo is often called the "sport of kings," and though its origins have been debated, most trace its beginnings to Byzantine-era Persia. All the more fitting, then, that **Ben Soleimani**, the strapping designer and real estate mogul, who hails from a large family of Persian descent, is himself an amateur champion. Soleimani, who has been playing since his twenties, was introduced to the game when he attended charity matches sponsored by his father Mansour Soleimani, a confidant of Prince Charles's. (Mansour, the family's rug company, boasts a royal warrant.)

Ben left the family business two years ago to focus on his burgeoning real estate empire (the L.A. *Times* once called him "the mayor of Melrose") and his partnership with the home furnishings behemoth Restoration Hardware. "I changed my life so I'd have more time for the things I love, including polo," he told me, just after his team, RH Polo, had advanced to the quarterfinals of the Cartier Queen's Cup, one of the most prestigious tournaments on the circuit.

Recently the 43-year-old relocated his team and fleet of horses from L.A. to London. While the ponies have gotten faster and the matches more far-flung, one thing that remains a constant in polo is the simple uniform: white jeans, black or brown riding boots that hit just below the knee, and a colored shirt with the player's number—a formula that has worked both on and off the field for more than a century. «



PAMPAS DISPLAY Handmade boots from Argentina's Casa Fagliano are a polo staple.

FIELD *ATTIRE*

Soleimani emphasizes that polo is not about fashion labels: "Today's players are athletes." His boots, however, are handmade by Casa Fagliano, in Buenos Aires, using a custom last and the time-honored techniques the company has employed since it was founded, in 1892. (It also makes a ready-to-wear line for the rest of us.)

KIM KUMPART PHOTOGRAPHY (SOLEIMANI); GERMAN FAGLIANO (WINDOW, BOOTS)

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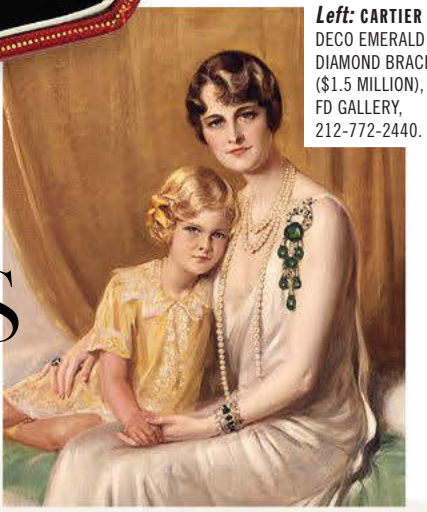
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SLIM'S PICKINGS **Had Truman Capote answered prayers with rivières, things might have turned out differently.** ***From top:*** **JACOB & CO.** (PRICE ON REQUEST), 212-719-5887; **H. STERN** ($29,600), HSTERN.NET; **ALEXIS BITTAR** ($3,995), ALEXISBITTAR.COM.

Photograph by James Wojcik
Painting by Liz Markus Styled by Will Kahn



SERIAL COLLECTOR **Marjorie Merriweather Post, mother and Cartier client.** ***Left:*** **CARTIER** ART DECO EMERALD AND DIAMOND BRACELET ($1.5 MILLION), FD GALLERY, 212-772-2440.





LEGACY CASE **Benedetta Dubini.** ***Bottom:*** **Consuelo Vanderbilt and her pearl and diamond ring.** ***Left:*** **BENEDETTA DUBINI** NECKLACE ($7,200), DUBINI.CO.UK.







Personal BELONGINGS

THE *HISTORY OF* SOCIETY—*AND ITS GRANDEST* DAMES—WRITTEN *IN* STONES.

By Stellene Volandes

When Filippa Brandolini, daughter of interior designer Muriel and Count Nuno (and a 2014 *T&C* Modern Swan), debuted at the Crillon Ball, she wore a Giambattista Valli Couture dress and a pair of Victorian diamond clips in her hair. "I wanted her to look like a true debutante," says Muriel. Her mission was aided by the well-educated team at **FD Gallery**, in New York City, where the vitrines offer a master class in jewelry and world history. There is Marjorie Merriweather Post's Art Deco emerald and diamond Cartier cuff, which is significant not just for the woman who wore it but because few pieces of the period used colored stones so boldly. A Bulgari diamond rivière was the present that a group of families gave to the Spanish foreign minister as thanks for defying Nazi orders and issuing them exit visas. "There is a romance to all this history," says Muriel. "In a world that goes by so fast, and that is filled with so much stuff, the tales of some of these stones ground you. They make you stop and think." «





LOADED MESSAGES **Jewelry pieces with world history attached.** ***Right:*** **Filippa Brandolini.** **BULGARI** DIAMOND NECKLACE ($590,000) AND **DAVID WEBB** CORAL AND DIAMOND RING ($80,750), FD GALLERY, 212-772-2440.

Ladies in WAITING

Two jewelers mine the past for present inspiration.

Both times Consuelo Vanderbilt Costin met her great-grandmother Consuelo Vanderbilt Earl for tea, the grande dame wore a pearl and diamond ring thought to have been her aunt's (*above*)—which Costin inherited when she wed and that has now inspired her new collection.

Benedetta Dubini, on the other hand, had a film producer grandfather and an actress grandmother who played big roles in the heyday of Italian cinema. The Central Saint Martins alum puts a new face on Roman history with coin jewelry in simple, modern settings. «

HIP/ART RESOURCE NY (MERRIWEATHER POST); ARCHIVIO GBB/CONTRASTO/REDUX (VANDERBILT EARL); MARC PIASECKI/FILMMAGIC/GETTY IMAGES (BRANDOLINI). OPPOSITE: PROPS STYLED BY LISA FLUDZINSKI; PAINTING: LIZMARKUS.COM

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SLIM AARONS/GETTY IMAGES

SKINCARE

Courting YOUTH

A NEWLY COMMITTED TENNIS PLAYER *HAS TO CHOOSE BETWEEN IMPROVING HER GAME AND* SAVING HER SKIN.

By Dana Wood

After three decades in New York, a year ago I moved to St. Petersburg, Florida, the lightning capital of the U.S. There's also no shortage of sunshine, and, thanks to tennis, I'm out in it—a lot. During my 10 hours a week—private lessons, cardio training, group clinic—I'm silently sizing up the **sun damage** on the teensy-skirted women around me. "That'll be me in another 10 years," I mutter, waiting for a serve. "Five if I'm not careful." Now, thanks to some improvement in my forehand, the cool broads—the ones with the killer lobs and crepey skin—are asking me to play with them.

Here's the thing with tennis: The better you get, the longer you're out there. I desperately need a two-pronged lizard-skin-prevention strategy. Prong One: short-term damage-blocking via one of my least favorite things on the planet, sunscreen. Prong Two: *Star Wars*–style gadgets you can use to turn back the clock the instant you step off the court.

First things first. I was basically a vampire workaholic during my Manhattan years, so I never got into the habit of putting on sunscreen. When I do wear it, I prefer sunblocks with zinc or titanium dioxide, but they leave me with a Madame Tussauds–ish ghostly glow. Jessica Iclisoy, founder of California Baby sunscreens, is a fellow chemicalphobe and tennis buff. She describes her game as "very Boris Becker, diving around," and her pregame prevention routine is not for sissies either. "If ➳

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I'm going to be out in direct sun for a few hours, I apply three layers of sunscreen, waiting 15 minutes after each to allow it to set." How does Iclisoy get around the wax figure pallor? By using a lightly tinted mineral-based product she recently whipped up and now sells online.

That's too elaborate for me, but I know I need to get with a protection program. "UV rays trigger free radicals, which act like darts on our skin, poking holes in our collagen and elastin," says New York skin doc Dennis Gross. "As a dermatologist, all I care about is that people wear SPF."

Message received. Happily, I've just discovered two sweat-resistant sunblocks I really like: CoTZ Sensitive SPF 40 ($20, BIRCHBOX.COM), which I use on my face, and Goddess Garden Organics Sport SPF 30 ($16, GODDESSGARDEN.COM), for my body. They both go on white, then magically disappear. Whew.

But what can I do to rejuvenate parched, overheated skin, especially from the neck down? While treatments for the face abound (seriously, there are roughly 8 billion ways to obliterate nasolabial folds), ways of de-aging the body have only recently begun gaining traction.

Why the uptick? Three reasons, says New York dermatologist and laser savant Roy Geronemus. One, more precise skin-rejuvenating devices hit the market every day. Two, there's a growing awareness of the disconnect between a supertaut, youthful face and a wrinkly, crinkly everything else. And, three, well-heeled clients increasingly bounce among homes in different climates. "This isn't a Florida problem," he adds, regarding the last point.

Geronemus stocks an array of youthifying machines in his practice, and they fall into three big buckets: laser, radiofrequency, and ultrasound. The Fraxel Dual, which uses both invasive and fractional lasers, yields excellent results on the body. "I treat neck, chest, arms, hands, and legs routinely," Geronemus says. "We often combine the Fraxel with other lasers, like the Q-Switched Ruby, which can be used for isolated areas of pigmentation, like brown spots. It helps enormously with sun damage."

In her Miami practice, dermatologist Leslie Baumann deploys both the Venus Legacy, a radiofrequency tightening treatment, and Ultherapy, an ultrasound method that was initially marketed for lifting droopy brows and chins but was recently cleared by the FDA for ironing out wrinkles in the sun-magnet décolletage area. "Both help sagging skin," Baumann says. "Ultherapy hurts but requires fewer treatments—just one or two, spaced three months apart. Venus Legacy feels good, like a hot stone massage, but you need to do one a week for six to eight weeks."

Other potentially ouchy, extra-credit décolletage rejuvenators: Botox and filler injections in those pesky little lines between the breasts. "There's a lot of interest in that," Geronemus says. "A big contrast between a rejuvenated face and an untreated chest can be very problematic."

Farther over the horizon—and not yet in play at most marquee dermatology practices—are two deep-freeze treatments, focused cold therapy (FCT) and whole body cryotherapy. While skin docs regularly freeze off small patches of cancerous tissue with targeted blasts of liquid nitrogen (a technique known as cryosurgery), the trend is toward treating ever larger pieces of real estate. In recent clinical trials, FCT has shown promise in smoothing forehead wrinkles. And cryotherapy, which is percolating on the day spa circuit, is said to help with all manner of maladies. By hopping into cold chambers that dip as low as –166° Fahrenheit, brave souls are hoping to blast cellulite, or sleep better, or bounce back from too much exercise. Think of it as a 21st-century riff on that age-old athlete recovery treatment, the ice bath.

In theory cryotherapy could help keep in check one sinister bodywide aging factor: inflammation. Though there are other triggers, including stress and a crummy diet, the sun is known to set in motion what dermatologist Nicholas Perricone calls an "inflammatory cascade." "It can continue for hours or even days," Perricone says. "The long life of the cascade results in most of the cellular damage that leads to aging and age-related diseases."

Not every attempt to de-age and soothe weather-beaten skin has to involve a gadget, a needle, or teleportation to the Ice Age. There is much to be gained from prescription topicals—and even over-the-counter skincare, if it's strong enough.

Beverly Hills–based dermatologist Peter Kopelson is excited about Tensage, a growth factor serum derived from the secretions of the *Cryptomphalus aspersa* snail, which likes to hang out off the rocky coast of Santander, Spain. "I'm using it with microneedling: tiny needles that puncture the surface of the skin," Kopelson says. But its rejuvenating effects don't add up to much if they're not combined with sunblock. "The crinkly, crepey stuff is from the sun," he says. "Tennis players get really crinkly, crepey skin." So I've heard. «

The PRO PICKS

Unlike some of their weather-whipped predecessors, today's top players practice safe suncare along with their killer backhands.



Victoria Azarenka
VICTORY LAP Two-time Australian Open winner; Olympic bronze medalist.
SKIN SMARTS For smooth skin the Belarusian makes a sand and coconut milk scrub, which she rinses off in the ocean.



SUPERGOOP ($28), SEPHORA.COM

Maria Sharapova
VICTORY LAP Five Grand Slam titles.
SKIN SMARTS "We know so much more, not only about skin diseases related to the sun but how easily preventable they are," says Sharapova, who co-owns Supergoop sunscreen.



Martina Hingis
VICTORY LAP 14 Grand Slam titles.
SKIN SMARTS Better late than never, Hingis says. "When I was younger I didn't think about protecting my skin. Now it's more of a concern for a lot of players on tour."



SHISEIDO ($36), SHISEIDO.COM

Ana Ivanovic
VICTORY LAP Ranked seventh in the world.
SKIN SMARTS "I swear by Shiseido's SPF 50+ WetForce Lotion," she says. Off the court, REN's Moroccan Rose Otto body oil and lotion is "my version of a spa on the go."



Caroline Garcia
VICTORY LAP Rising star with three wins over rival Ivanovic this year.
SKIN SMARTS Regular checkups and "a minimum of SPF 60" keep this French player safe from sun damage.

PLAYERS, FROM LEFT: ROBERT PREZIOSO/GETTY IMAGES; CLIVE BRUNSKILL/GETTY IMAGES; JULIAN FINNEY/GETTY IMAGES; SAEED KHAN/AFP/GETTY IMAGES; ZHONG ZHI/GETTY IMAGES

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Ambassador Nicole Avant and Jane Wurwand



Xiao Li Tan and O Zhang



Lesley Chilcott

WHAT
2015 *T&C* Philanthropy Summit Kick-off Cocktail Party

WHEN
May 6, 2015

WHERE
The Baccarat Hotel in NYC

WHO
Paula Kerger, Jacob Lief, Amy Danforth, Anne Marie Gaultier



Jamie Rosen and Ildiko Juhasz



Nadine Oddi, Katrina Laney, Caitlin Mathews, and Katie Tangri



WHAT
Givenchy Beauty event to celebrate 10 years of Givenchy Le Makeup, and the bright shades of Le Rouge-A-Porter

WHEN
April 28, 2015

WHERE
Barneys New York in Chicago

WHO
Hosted by *T&C* Beauty Director, Jamie Rosen, and US Director of Training for Givenchy, Ildiko Juhasz



THE IT *BRIT*

FOR HER LATEST ROLE, AS THE JO MALONE LONDON GIRL, *POPPY DELEVINGNE SHARES HER* JETSET BEAUTY ROUTINE.

By Jamie Rosen

The model-turned-actress **Poppy Delevingne** is taking her British brand of glam to Hollywood this year. As the first Jo Malone London Girl, she threw a West Coast bash for the company, and she's following that by appearing with Jude Law in Guy Ritchie's latest film. The London-based Delevingne has a thoroughly British approach to beauty that may work well in California. "We're pretty laid-back," she says. "We'd rather have a cup of tea than spend hours in front of the mirror." That means keeping her skincare simple and her eyes impeccable. While sister Cara is known for her brows, both girls got the same beauty advice from their mother. "She taught us to put Elizabeth Arden's Eight Hour Cream on our eyelashes at night. In the morning they would be all Twiggy-like."

Fragrance too has always been important. Delevingne's first perfume, Tommy Girl, reminds her of kissing boys; Jo Malone Mimosa & Cardamom is "warm and a little spicy," she says, "perfect for autumn." Jo Malone Orange Blossom, meanwhile, was the scent at her 2014 wedding. "When I spray it now," she says, "I get butterflies." «

POPPY'S FAVORITE THINGS



FROM LEFT: **JO MALONE LONDON** MIMOSA & CARDAMOM ($120, AVAILABLE IN SEPTEMBER), JOMALONE.COM; **ELIZABETH ARDEN** EIGHT HOUR CREAM ($21), ELIZABETHARDEN.COM; **SKINCEUTICALS** C E FERULIC ($162), SKINCEUTICALS.COM; **LIZ EARLE** CLEANSE & POLISH ($25.50), BIRCHBOX.COM; **EVE LOM** CLEANSER ($80), SEPHORA.COM; **CHARLOTTE OLYMPIA** CATNAP EYE MASK ($695, WITH MATCHING SLIPPERS), CHARLOTTEOLYMPIA.COM.



THROWING SHADE Lena Dunham may be the influence behind Lena Crystal Glaze Gloss ($23), which adds a satin finish to the matte lipsticks ($17.50 each), MACCOSMETICS.COM.

Valli GIRLS

GIAMBATTISTA VALLI'S *HAUTE COUTURE CREATIONS HAVE EARNED HIM A FOLLOWING AMONG* TODAY'S MODERN SWANS. *THESE LEADING LADIES (WE'VE MADE A FEW GUESSES) INSPIRED HIS* NEW LIP COLLECTION FOR MAC. *By Meg Storm*



An electric peony pink named Tats is believed to be an ode to billionaire philanthropist TATIANA CASIRAGHI.



Margherita, a bright apricot, surely pays tribute to colorful designer MARGHERITA MISSONI.



Italian It girl BIANCA BRANDOLINI seemingly inspired the retro blush shade Bianca B.



Famed equestrian CHARLOTTE CASIRAGHI is likely the lady behind Charlotte—a deep, rosy red.



Eugenie, an inky cherry, calls to mind Greek shipping heiress and jewelry designer EUGENIE NIARCHOS.

REX FEATURES/AP IMAGES (DELEVINGNE); DOMINIQUE CHARRIAU/WIREIMAGE/GETTY IMAGES (TATIANA CASIRAGHI); NICK HARVEY/WIREIMAGE/GETTY IMAGES (MISSONI); JULIEN HEKIMIAN/WIREIMAGE/GETTY IMAGES (BRANDOLINI); JEAN CATUFFE/WIREIMAGE/GETTY IMAGES (CHARLOTTE CASIRAGHI); MICHEL DUFOUR/WIREIMAGE/GETTY IMAGES (NIARCHOS); J. MUCKLE/STUDIO D (MAC PRODUCTS)

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STARS & SIGNS

HOROSCOPE READINGS FOR THE MONTH AHEAD

By Katharine Merlin

.COM FOR ADDITIONAL READINGS BY KATHARINE MERLIN, GO TO **TOWNANDCOUNTRYMAG.COM**

LEO

JULY 23–AUGUST 23

Tom Brady



Mars enters your sign on the 8th, bringing your focus to bear on ambitious plans. You'll be able to accomplish much and successfully pursue your own ends, but confusing choices, especially concerning finances, confront you near the 6th and 26th. With Jupiter exiting your sign, it's time to pare down expenses and be more conservative. Venus in retreat also means that perplexing romantic issues demand a wait-and-see approach.

VIRGO

AUGUST 24–SEPTEMBER 23

Warren Buffett



What does it mean that jaunty Jupiter is entering your sign and kicking off a new cycle? Is it time to splurge a little and indulge yourself? Mars in Leo indicates that you'll benefit by giving yourself a break this August, and you appear to have much to ponder regarding your future direction. Various concerns will lift near the 22nd, and close relationships will take a positive turn at month's end.

LIBRA

SEPTEMBER 24–OCTOBER 23

Marion Cotillard



Even more than others, you're likely to be affected by Venus's backward motion this month, especially since it's occurring in the part of your chart related to associations and new environments. Keep your options open, and don't let anyone pressure you into premature decisions; confusing aspects indicate that you're getting mixed signals all around. Much will be revealed as August draws to a close.

SCORPIO

OCTOBER 24–NOVEMBER 22

Pablo Picasso



Saturn turns direct in your sign on the 2nd, and leftover issues from 2014 will finally untangle. Financially, it's time to take stock and tighten your grip. On the other hand, Mars in Leo emboldens you to make your presence felt, while Jupiter entering your most social angle initiates a period of expanding options. With Venus out of sync in your career angle, you're best off gracefully waiting out any delays.

SAGITTARIUS

NOVEMBER 23–DECEMBER 21

Taylor Swift



With the Sun in Virgo, August is favorable for getaways. And Jupiter is headed toward your mid-heaven, so this is a time when what you need is the perspective that distance can provide. New possibilities are about to shift your world, and with Saturn on return to your birth sign, you're going to strike a new balance between work obligations and personal ones. Meanwhile, take a needed break.

CAPRICORN

DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 20

Aristotle Onassis



August will be a decisive month for Capricorns. Saturn's direct motion on the 2nd clarifies your choices, and you appear ready to take control. Issues involving finances are likely to remain unresolved until September, but there doesn't appear to be cause for concern despite all the mixed signals. And with Jupiter firing up your travel angle at midmonth, the time has come to think about spreading your wings.

AQUARIUS

JANUARY 21–FEBRUARY 19

Kerry Washington



Saturn's direct motion at the top of your chart on the 2nd means you're at a professional turning point that will reward hard work or send you down a new path. It's follow-through time for long-considered decisions, and with your relationship angle occupied by both Mars and retrograde Venus, there's a lot going on in your private life that isn't likely to bring clarity before Venus turns direct in September.

PISCES

FEBRUARY 20–MARCH 20

Gloria Vanderbilt



With Jupiter entering Virgo this month for a yearlong stay, relationships will be on an upward trend. Mars's entrance into your work angle intensifies your desire to press for results, but with Venus moving backward at the same time, some aspects of your plans will be in a state of limbo until early September. Remain open to others' suggestions; they may be more on target than you think.

ARIES

MARCH 21–APRIL 20

Jessica Chastain



The Sun in Leo highlights the most creative and playful part of your chart for much of August, and with Mars and Venus also in Leo, entertainment and relationships with children appear to be in the spotlight. Financially, you'll be getting the message that you need to be a bit more prudent and cut expenses. With Jupiter entering Virgo, you also appear to be on the brink of a new and more gratifying phase at work.

TAURUS

APRIL 21–MAY 21

Queen Elizabeth II



With numerous planets congregating at the base of your chart, there may be lifestyle or domestic changes in the wind that ultimately result in more fulfillment. And though romance may be a bit bewildering until Venus changes direction in early September, you still shouldn't hesitate to follow your heart. What's more, Jupiter is going to be spotlighting your myriad creative talents.

GEMINI

MAY 22–JUNE 21

Bob Dylan



August is likely to be an active period; if you're not in transit you'll still cover a lot of ground. Venus out of phase in Leo may stir up unease about an unresolved issue involving family or friends, but just try to wait out any issues that arise. Mercury in harmony with Pluto on the 23rd indicates that new financial arrangements will strengthen your position, and property affairs look unusually favorable at month's end.

CANCER

JUNE 22–JULY 22

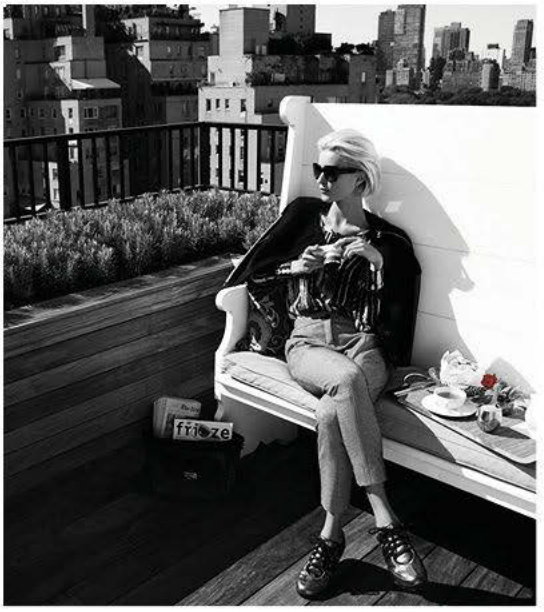
Liv Tyler



You're moving from a high-pressure period into one that's more relaxed—if not outright lazy—but you appear to be focused on finances and acquisitions this month. Mars in Leo indicates that you're right to be more aggressive about new arrangements. The period near the 15th is full of promise where agreements and partnerships are concerned. Don't hesitate to shoot for the stars.

GETTY IMAGES (12)

T&C *Style* FILE
NEW & NOTABLE



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THE T&C

50 MODERN SWANS

"THE INTERCONTINENTAL COVEY OF SWANS DRIFTING ACROSS OUR PAGES BOASTS... FLEDGLINGS OF THE PRETTIEST PROMISE WHO MAY ONE DAY LEAD THE FLOCK."

—*Truman Capote,* Portraits and Observations

When Capote, that great authority on beautiful, compelling women, wrote those words, in 1959, he went on to note that young swans merit attention but not necessarily admiration—not yet, at least. To some degree that's true of *T&C*'s 2015 swans: Some of them have caught our eye because of the potential that their rare combination of grace and boldness portends. Others are already startlingly accomplished, whether in the realm of business, fashion, or the arts. About all of them we can say this: We are intrigued, and we can't wait to see what they do next.



INGENUE: EVE HEWSON

By Jennie Yabroff
Photographs by Matthew Brookes
Styled by Nicoletta Santoro



GIORGIO ARMANI SHIRT ($725); **ERES** BRA ($230); **THOM BROWNE** TIE (PRICE ON REQUEST); **INEZ & VINOODH** EARRINGS ($1,035) AND RINGS (FROM $450), WORN THROUGHOUT; **TED MUEHLING** PIN ($1,900). *OPPOSITE:* **ALTUZARRA** SHIRT ($1,195) AND BRA (PRICE ON REQUEST); **INEZ & VINOODH** NECKLACE ($625).

Eve Hewson is afraid of blood. At a recent dinner with friends the conversation turned to cesarean sections, and the next thing the actress knew she had fainted, slipped from her chair, and was flat on her back on the floor. This reaction was fairly ironic, considering Hewson's role on *The Knick*, Steven Soderbergh's series on Cinemax. Set in a New York City hospital at the turn of the 20th century, the series opens with Hewson's character, freshly minted nurse Lucy Elkins, assisting at a birth gone bloodily, horribly wrong. How does Hewson, who grows woozy at the mere mention of invasive surgery, explain Lucy's ability to remain upright amid the saw-and-pliers butchery? "I am nothing at all like Lucy," she deadpans.

Lucy, you see, is a naïve, West Virginia–twanged preacher's daughter. On *The Knick*, in which liquid cocaine serves as an anesthetic, and, on occasion, sexual aid, Lucy functions as a sort of ethical peephole. "She's essentially the window for the audience," says her co-star Michael Angarano. Hewson, on the other hand, is the sophisticated, Irish-lilted progeny of one of the biggest rock stars in the world. You know him as Bono, lead singer of U2, but he was born Paul Hewson. Aware of the baggage that comes with "daughter of" status, *The Knick*'s casting director omitted the actress's last name on her audition tape just in case Soderbergh linked it to her dad. But as she returns for the show's second season, and with a role in the upcoming Steven Spielberg Cold War thriller *Bridge of Spies*, Hewson is unlikely to be thought of as "Eve Bono" much longer.

It's not surprising that directors like Soderbergh and Spielberg have chosen the actress for period parts. Her creamy complexion, brushstroke eyebrows, and masses of jet hair give her the luscious beauty of a Pears soap ad. But when we meet for brunch at New York City's Cookshop, she has accented her blue eyes with decidedly 21st-century violet mascara, painted her nails bumblebee yellow, and chosen a subtly edgy ensemble of a shearling-lined denim jacket and Doc Martens—more in keeping with a young woman who grew up in a Dublin house with "music all around and writers walking in and out."

Maybe that explains the early-onset acting bug. "I was constantly dancing in front of the TV and pissing everyone off," she says, mimicking her three siblings: "Stop dancing, Eve!" After studying acting at NYU, she started auditioning for films, winning small but memorable parts in *This Must Be the Place*, as Sean Penn's friend, and the crime drama *Blood Ties*.

A post-collegiate year in Los Angeles informed her portrayal of Tess, the spoiled daughter of James Gandolfini's character in 2013's *Enough Said*. Hewson elevates what could have been a Valley Girl cliché into a difficult but sympathetic character. "I wanted her to be someone really attractive and confident, but I didn't want to hate her," says the film's director, Nicole Holofcener. "Eve read, and I thought, 'She's gorgeous and she's playing a spoiled girl who doesn't know any better, but I cared about her.'"

There's little love lost between the actress and the City of Angels. "You're constantly reminded if you're not successful, because that's all it's about in L.A., so I found it really hard to get perspective," says Hewson, whose childhood came with a good deal of perception management in the form of unwanted attention, whether it was teenage boys screaming "Sunday, bloody Sunday" and "It's a beautiful day!" at her in the train station, or college classmates making assumptions once they discovered who her father was. As a result, she says, "I can be pretty guarded until you get to know me."

AWARE OF THE BAGGAGE THAT COMES WITH "DAUGHTER OF" STATUS, *THE KNICK*'S CASTING DIRECTOR OMITTED HEWSON'S LAST NAME ON HER AUDITION TAPE *JUST IN CASE* SODERBERGH LINKED IT TO HER DAD.

What could have been a lonely childhood wasn't, thanks to her three siblings: older sister Jordan, 26, brother Elijah, 16, and the youngest, John, 14. "My parents say they had me for Jordan, and John for Elijah, so each of us would have a friend," she says. Today the family remains close; Jordan lives five blocks from Eve in Brooklyn, and after our brunch the actress will fly back to Dublin with her mom Ali Hewson to visit her brothers. She left her car, a secondhand Audi she named Blanche, in L.A.; she lets her father drive it when he's there on condition that he not let her brothers steal her phone chargers. "My family is all obsessed with each other," she says. "I wish I could hang out with my parents all the time."

"Eve is the first one to tell a story about her dad that shatters all those preconceived notions about what he's like," Angarano says. "I wondered, 'Does she call her dad Bono?' And she was like, 'Of course not. I call him Dad.'"

After brunch Hewson and I cross the street to the High Line and settle on bleacher steps overlooking 10th Avenue. As we talk, a model poses against the window for a photographer. I ask Eve if she ever modeled. She laughs off the question. "I'm five-foot-two," she says, gesturing toward her legs. "These are not model legs." In retrospect she's glad. "There's the cliché of the celebrity kid with a fragrance and a handbag line and they design jewelry on the side and maybe dabble in acting. I've always been very particular about the fact that this is the one thing I want to do."

Well, maybe not the only thing. She still loves to dance and is taking tango lessons with her *Knick* co-star Charles Aitken—platonically. Though Hewson dated the actor James Lafferty, she is currently "dangerously single," on the lookout for a nice Irishman who can make her laugh. "My sister says, 'You need to look more available,'" she says. "She's like, 'You're so confident in yourself, you look like you have a boyfriend.'" Hewson shrugs off her sister's concern. "I'm 23," she says. "I don't need a boyfriend. It's so much fun being on your own." «



CHANEL SHIRT ($1,800); **BOSS** PANTS (PRICE ON REQUEST); **SUSPENDER STORE** SUSPENDERS ($15); **HOURGLASS** ARCH BROW SCULPTING PENCIL ($34). FOR DETAILS SEE PAGE 121.

Hair by Dennis Devoy at Art Department using Phyto. Makeup by Alice Lane at the Wall Group. Nails by Tatyana Molot for Lancôme. Tailoring by Lucy Payne. Set design by Daryl McGregor at Lalaland Artists.

GUCCI SHIRT ($1,400), SKIRT ($4,500), AND BELT ($420); **ARAKS** BRA ($210); **INEZ & VINOODH** NECKLACE ($9,015) AND RING ($3,325)



FREE SPIRIT: INDIA SALVOR MENUEZ



GUCCI JACKET ($2,900), BLOUSE ($1,100), AND SHOES ($995); **INEZ & VINOODH** RINGS (FROM $920); **CLARINS** MISSION PERFECTION SERUM ($72)

Whispers of "Who is that girl?" were overheard in March at Chanel's New York City reshowing of the Métiers d'Art Collection. The idiosyncratic redhead of interest had seemingly been plucked out of obscurity by the label's It girl scouts to sit alongside Eve Hewson, Dylan Penn, and Lily-Rose Depp. But unlike her front row mates, **INDIA SALVOR MENUEZ** doesn't hail from a famous family. The 21-year-old was raised in New York's Chinatown by artist parents, whom she credits with showing her "the possibility and joyous struggle of being your own boss." And she wasn't overtly clad in Chanel. "I shop secondhand." Her reasoning: "It's better for the planet."

By 15, Menuez already had a presence on the city's art scene as a co-founder of Luck You, a collective for young creatives. Today the multihyphenate has a hand in every arena of the arts. She generally introduces herself as an artist-cum-actress, but Menuez also counts herself a painter, sculptor, writer, filmmaker, and costume designer. Although she strategically avoids the Hollywood/pop culture spotlight, intellectual hipsters have spotted her in indie films, such as *Something in the Air*, which premiered at the 2012 Venice Film Festival, and guerrilla-style performance art pieces; her feminist group show "Milk and Night" drew crowds at last year's Miami Art Basel. Widespread recognition may be unavoidable: Pharrell cast her as a model for the cover of his *Girl* album, and critics are comparing her controversial character in the upcoming indie film *White Girl* to Chloë Sevigny's 1995 breakout role in *Kids*. And, of course, there is that Chanel front row. *Sarah Bray*



DIOR DRESS ($5,200), BOOTS ($2,650), AND EARRINGS ($380)

At 23, model **KENYA KINSKI-JONES** is in no rush to be all grown up. "My mother taught me to never lose my childhood sense of wonder," she says. And Nastassja Kinski knows best: As a teenager she broke onto the big screen in *Tess*. Kinski-Jones began modeling at 15, and for that she took heed of the advice her father—Quincy Jones—gave her regarding self-worth and self-acceptance. In May she graduated from Loyola Marymount University in L.A. with a degree in English, but for now she's committed to modeling, which she calls "a fun adventure." One glance at her Instagram (@LoveKenya), however, reveals evidence of other passions: World Wildlife Fund pleas to sign petitions against shark culling fill her feed. "I really have a calling to make the world better for animals," Kinski-Jones says. "They have such a profound place in my heart." There's one mammal in particular that consumes the majority of her attention and iPhone camera space: her French bulldog Banksy, known to his followers as @banksyfrenchie.



PRADA SHIRT ($830); **MAX MARA** BUSTIER (PRICE ON REQUEST); **ROSA DE LA CRUZ** SAFETY PIN EARRING (PRICE ON REQUEST); **EVA FEHREN** EAR CUFF ($4,235); **ESTEE LAUDER** SHAPE + SCULPT FACE KIT ($50)





ALL-STAR: JOSIE CANSECO

At Coachella this year, **JOSIE CANSECO** rocketed to social media stardom when an Instagram shot of her and a friend, looking like 21st-century incarnations of Jane Birkin and Talitha Getty in their prime—hair messy, midriffs bare, bodies bejeweled—went viral. Canseco says it was all in the name of fun, but it can't help furthering the bicoastal 18-year-old model's mission: She wants the cover of *Sports Illustrated*, the magazine her dad José Canseco fronted in October 1988, when he was a slugger for the Oakland A's. "It would be a dream come true," she says. "I think it would be the first father and daughter to do the cover in history." To be clear: She'll be the one sporting a bikini.

ALEXANDER WANG SHIRT ($1,595), VEST ($750), PANTS ($650), AND BOOTS ($750); **JOHN FRIEDA** AIR DRY WAVES STYLING FOAM ($10)



HAIDER ACKERMANN SHIRT ($975), TANK TOP ($406), SKIRT ($1,347), BELT ($257), AND BOOTS ($1,164); **GABRIELLA KISS** NECKLACE (WORN AS A BELT, $2,400); **TED MUEHLING** PIN (IN EAR, $1,900); **YOSSI HARARI** EAR CUFF ($2,485)



CALVIN KLEIN COLLECTION JACKET ($3,895); **AZLEE** EARRINGS ($1,610 EACH); **NIKOS KOULIS** EARRING ($1,890 FOR TWO)



MIU MIU DRESS ($2,420) AND EARRINGS ($360); **JANE IREDALE** PLAYON LIP CRAYON IN YUMMY ($18)

MODEL MILLENNIAL: LOUISA GUMMER



PRADA TOP ($2,260) AND BROOCH ($850)

When asked what people would never guess about her, 24-year-old **LOUISA GUMMER**, the third sister in an acting dynasty, answers: "I work a nine-to-five job." She takes the subway from Williamsburg, Brooklyn, every morning to a no-frills gig at a Manhattan advertising agency. She juggles that with her modeling career, which has included a good deal of after-hours work—*T&C* shot her on a Monday evening, straight from the office. "At this moment I'm trying to realize what I'm good at," says the Vassar grad, "to find out what makes me happy. And I'll try to merge those two things to create a successful and fulfilling career for myself. I think it would be really interesting to collaborate professionally with people I know personally, like family." Read between the lines here, and an award-winning acting career isn't out of the question.

CHANTEUSE: RAINEY QUALLEY

Picture-perfect '90s couple Andie MacDowell and model Paul Qualley (they met shooting a Gap ad) passed down some strong, bankable genes. **RAINEY QUALLEY**, 25, eased into the spotlight in 2012, playing her mother's daughter in the film *Mighty Fine* and appearing as Miss Golden Globe on the award show. (Her younger sister Margaret, 19, currently stars in HBO's *The Leftovers*.) "My mother is a really hard worker and has achieved all of her successes on her own," Qualley proudly points out. "You have to depend on yourself to achieve your goals." That inherited determination motivated her to move to Nashville and chart her own course as a singer-songwriter. She describes her music as "country at the core, with folk, pop, and soul influences." In June she released her debut album, *Turn Down the Lights*, which includes such titles as "Me and Johnny Cash" and "Turn Me On Like the Radio." Now she's spending the rest of the summer writing lyrics and making the festival rounds. And while a previous generation may have worshiped at the altar of her mother's Calvin Klein poster, Qualley's idols are Dolly Parton, Patsy Cline, and Taylor Swift.

ISABEL MARANT SHORT-SLEEVE SHIRT ($530), LONG-SLEEVE SHIRT ($530), SKIRT ($1,280), AND BELT ($420); **MAISON MARGIELA FINE JEWELLERY** DIAMOND EARRINGS ($6,900) AND **EVA FEHREN** HOOP EARRING ($3,775 FOR TWO), WORN ON BOTH PAGES

HILFIGER COLLECTION DRESS ($690); **DELFINA DELETTREZ** EARRING (RIGHT EAR, $2,700); **MAKE UP FOR EVER** ULTRA HD LIQUID FOUNDATION ($43). FOR DETAILS SEE PAGE 121.



Hair by Dennis Devoy at Art Department using Phyto. Makeup by Chris Colbeck at Art Department using Dior Show. Nails by Maki Sakamoto at Kate Ryan Inc. for Chanel Le Vernis. Tailoring by Yasmine Oezelli for Lars Nord Studio. Set design by Daryl McGregor at Lalaland Artists.

And the LIST GOES ON

HOW DO YOU TELL A *MERE IT GIRL* FROM A *TRUE MODERN SWAN?* IT'S A MYSTERIOUS AND T&C–PATENTED EQUATION. HERE, THE 2015 LIST OF THOSE WHO HAVE EARNED THEIR WINGS.



STYLE ROYALS

The world of fashion can seem like a self-governing state. Bow down to its reigning princesses.



OPHELIE GUILLERMAND

THE SKINNY You recognize her from somewhere. Junior year abroad? No, the Prada campaign. **NATURAL HABITAT** Where fashion goes, this model follows. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** Runway domination.





LEONETTA FENDI

THE SKINNY The little sister of Delfina Delettrez, whose evil eye ring is the unofficial It girl membership card. **NATURAL HABITAT** Backstage at Fendi. Her mom is designer Silvia. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** Who needs a Karlito fur charm when you've got the real thing?



LOTTIE MOSS

THE SKINNY In a fashion version of Lana Turner's Schwab's counter moment, she got model-scouted at the wedding of her superstar sister, Kate. **NATURAL HABITAT** Holding a pose for her Valentino campaign. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** Her bridesmaid dress was Stella McCartney.

HELENA BORDON

THE SKINNY The Brazilian transformed her influential blog into a burgeoning label, 284. **NATURAL HABITAT** Front row, possibly near her fashion editor mom. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** She holds the power of Instagram, with upward of 500,000 followers.



AYMELINE VALADE

THE SKINNY If there were a contest for coolest girl of the 20th century, YSL muse Betty Catroux might win. Aymeline just played her in a movie. **NATURAL HABITAT** On set, whether for a magazine shoot or a movie. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** Her first show was Balenciaga, her first acting gig a Karl Lagerfeld short.



ELLA ROSE RICHARDS

THE SKINNY If you wanted to brand yourself rock and fashion royalty, you might choose Marlon Richards (son of Keith) as your dad and Lucie de la Falaise (niece of Loulou) as your mom. Done. **NATURAL HABITAT** En famille in Parrot Cay. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** Grandpa.

MELODIE JENG/GETTY IMAGES (VALADE, GUILLERMAND); VANNI BASSETTI/GETTY IMAGES (FENDI); MARK ROBERT MILAN/GC IMAGES/GETTY IMAGES (MOSS); © EDWARD LE POULIN/CORBIS (RICHARDS); TIMUR EMEK/GETTY IMAGES (BORDON)

MODERN ARISTOS

They're beneficiaries of strong—and historic—genes.



PARI EHSAN

THE SKINNY Proof that all you need is an idea and an Instagram account. See @paridust for her self-portraits in front of works of art. **NATURAL HABITAT** Gagosian Gallery, where she first realized her dress matched the painting behind her. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** The CFDA once nominated her Instagrammer of the Year.



MALAIKA FIRTH

THE SKINNY Kenyan-born and London-bred, she's the first black model since Naomi Campbell to star in a Prada campaign. **NATURAL HABITAT** Paris; New York; Milan. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** She's 20—and just bought her family a house.

TALITA VON FURSTENBERG

THE SKINNY Dad is Alex von Furstenberg. Mother Alexandra is one third of modern swan icons the Miller sisters. **NATURAL HABITAT** Celebrating family birthdays with her cousin, the princess of Greece. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** L.A. pool parties at her dad's house.



JEANNE DAMAS

THE SKINNY Once described as Paris's version of Alexa Chung; often compared to Charlotte Gainsbourg. **NATURAL HABITAT** Every party you wish you were invited to. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** She woke up like this.





PAULINE DUCRUET

Elder daughter of Princess Stephanie and cousin of Hall of Fame Swan Charlotte Casiraghi, Ducruet is 12th in line to the throne of Monaco. While waiting she spends her time diving competitively.



MELUSINE RUSPOLI

Technically she's a princess, being the daughter of the 9th Prince of Cerveteri of Rome, but last summer she was just another intern at Ferragamo—albeit one who also modeled for the label's ad campaign.

MADINA VISCONTI DI MODRONE

She grew up in a 16th-century Milan palazzo filled with collectible modern furniture. The jewelry designer's signature blue-streaked hair continues the Old World/New World fusion.



THE NEW BOHEMIANS

Can you be both counterculture and red carpet–ready? Let Talitha Getty be your guide.



TALI LENNOX

THE SKINNY She left modeling for painting and had her first solo show in New York this year. Mother Annie Lennox approves. **NATURAL HABITAT** Front row with model boyfriend Ian Jones. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** Francesco Clemente stopped by the gallery. He was impressed.



GAIA MATISSE

THE SKINNY The American-born great-great-granddaughter of Henri Matisse. **NATURAL HABITAT** Surrounded by her party pack: Kyra Kennedy, Peter Brant Jr. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** Her 22nd birthday was DJed by Jellybean Benitez's daughter.



URSINA GYSI

THE SKINNY This Swiss mountain girl is now a stylist's assistant in Paris. **NATURAL HABITAT** Worshipful street style blogs. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** Has unlimited access to fashion but still makes her own clothes.



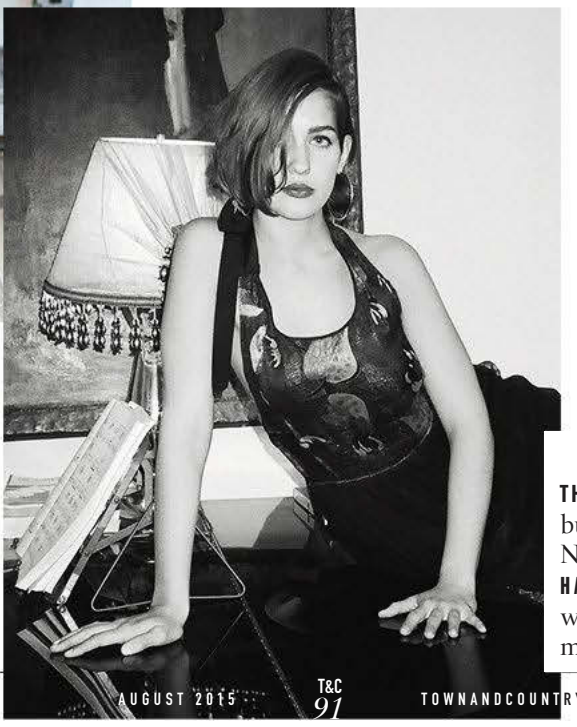
CARLOTTA KOHL

THE SKINNY Model; photographer; darling of indie mags and blogs everywhere. **NATURAL HABITAT** With best friend Petra Collins at various downtown locations. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** Her first road trip was with Ryan McGinley.



ANOUSKA BECKWITH

THE SKINNY Artist daughter of Hall of Fame Swan Tamara Beckwith. **NATURAL HABITAT** Photography studios in Paris. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** Why pretend to be a starving artist? For a recent New York show of her work, Beckwith wore Valentino.



MALLORY NEIDICH

THE SKINNY Daughter of philanthropists Dan and Brooke Garber Neidich; sister to restaurateur Jon. **NATURAL HABITAT** Teachers lounge: She educates the youth of NYC. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** A table at Tijuana Picnic anytime she wants.



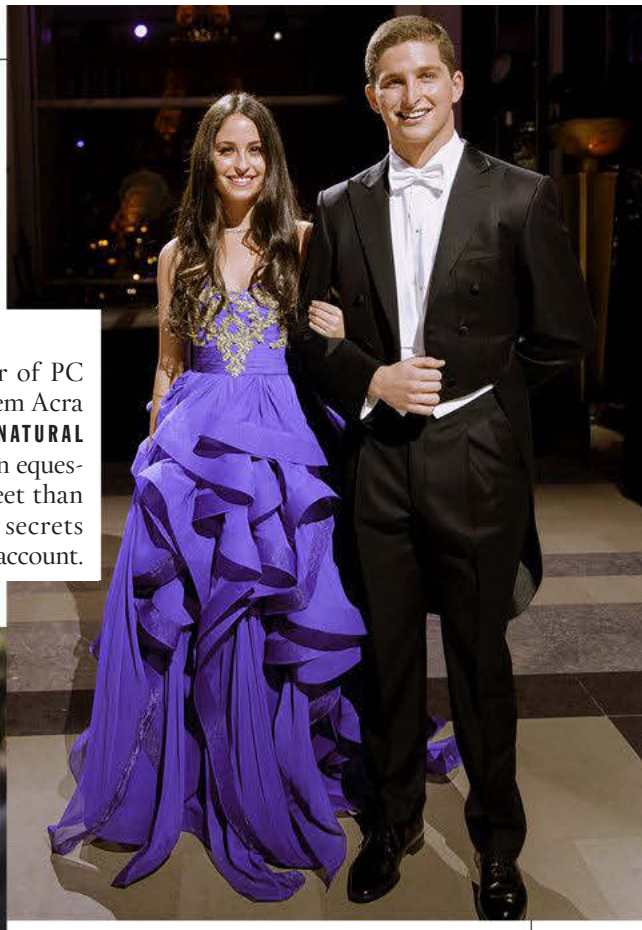
LOLA KIRKE

THE SKINNY Her sister is Jemima, of *Girls* fame, but Lola takes center stage this month in Noah Baumbach's *Mistress America*. **NATURAL HABITAT** Her East Village apartment, painting watercolors. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** Just named most promising up-and-comer at Cannes.

DESIREE NAVARRO/WIREIMAGE/GETTY IMAGES (LENNOX); FRENCH STYLE/BLAUBLUT-EDITION.COM (GYSI); PAUL PORTER/BFANYC.COM (MATISSE); MARC STAM S/GETTY IMAGES (KOHL); JOE SCHILDHORN/BFANYC.COM (NEIDICH); ELEONORE HENDRICKS (KIRKE); © PATRICK MCMULLAN CO. (BECKWITH); OPPOSITE: KELLY TAUB/BFANYC.COM (EHSAN); © DEMOTIX/CORBIS (DUCRUET); PASCAL LE SEGRETAIN/GETTY IMAGES (RUSPOLI); PHIL OH/STREETPEEPER (VISCONTI); DJ MOORONE; SANDRA SEMBURG/BLAUBLUT-EDITION.COM (DAMAS); MELODIE JENG/GETTY IMAGES (GIRTH); BILLY FARRELL/BFANYC.COM (VON FURSTENBERG)

THE CRILLON CREW

The American debutante party is alive and well—at a grand annual ball in Paris.





ROSE FISHER

THE SKINNY Her family owns the Gap, but she opted for neo-Victorian Gaultier couture for this year's ball. **NATURAL HABITAT** Palo Alto; she's a junior at Stanford. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** Her grandparents' collection of contemporary art has its own wing at SF MoMA.

JULIETTE DELL

THE SKINNY The youngest daughter of PC magnate Michael Dell debuted in Reem Acra (escorted by twin brother Zachary). **NATURAL HABITAT** The stable—she's a champion equestrian. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** More discreet than sister Alexa, who tweeted family secrets before Dad's security force closed her account.



ISABEL BEATTY

THE SKINNY Warren Beatty and Annette Bening's daughter entered society wearing Elie Saab Couture. **NATURAL HABITAT** Like us, somewhere awaiting the release of her father's Howard Hughes movie. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** *Ishtar*? She had nothing to do with it.

CAROLINE BELL



THE SKINNY She debuted in Monique Lhuillier shortly after her mother Colleen Bell was named U.S. ambassador to Hungary. Dad, producer Bradley, looked on proudly. **NATURAL HABITAT** Braving Chicago winters at Northwestern. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** Diplomatic plates!

CORINNE BISHOP

THE SKINNY Jamie Foxx's daughter may have been embarrassed when he called out her body-conscious dress on MTV, but she proudly wore Marchesa for her debut. **NATURAL HABITAT** The USC campus. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** Her father-daughter quality time takes place at the Grammys.





ZOE BLEU SIDEL

THE SKINNY Rosanna Arquette's daughter wore Gaultier for her 2013 debut. **NATURAL HABITAT** The hallowed halls of Sarah Lawrence. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** As part of *The Bling Ring*, she has already been directed by Sofia Coppola. You?

COURTESY LE BAL (FISHER, BEATTY, DELL, BELL); MARC PIASECKI/FILMMAGIC/GETTY IMAGES (SIDEL); ETHAN MILLER/WIREIMAGE/GETTY IMAGES (BISHOP)

THE ENTREPRENEURS

Being beautiful and stylish may seem like a full-time job, but in reality these girls are all business.



AMBER VENZ BOX

THE SKINNY The blogger turned web pioneer figured out how to monetize fashion blogs with RewardStyle, which lets bloggers get paid commissions the way personal shoppers do. **NATURAL HABITAT** Dallas—dining at Mi Cocina, shopping at VOD, working at the office. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** Online style stars like Leandra Medine have her to thank for their swelling bank accounts.

SHIZA SHAHID

THE SKINNY The Islamabad-born Stanford grad left her McKinsey consulting job to start the Malala Fund with her friend, Pakistani girls' education activist Malala Yousafzai. **NATURAL HABITAT** Wherever there's a panel discussion on female empowerment, she'll be there. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** She's a 30 Under 30—in both *Time* and *Forbes*.





LAURA DIMON

THE SKINNY The *Inside Edition* investigative reporter and daughter of JP Morgan Chase CEO Jamie Dimon has written for the *Atlantic*, the *Daily Beast*, the *Daily News*, and *PolicyMic*. **NATURAL HABITAT** On Twitter, being witty. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** She's a good writer. Also, Bernie Kerik "likes" a lot of her Instagram photos.



KIRA PLASTININA

THE SKINNY Her Dallas store, Lublu, has made the Russian heiress/designer—who had a rocky start in the business when she was a mere teen—a fashion force once again. **NATURAL HABITAT** Watson Library, studying for her Columbia MBA. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** She's 23 and a mogul.

WHITNEY WOLFE

THE SKINNY Launched the Sadie Hawkins–esque dating app Bumble, which allows only women to start conversations. Is there better revenge for being forced out of her Tinder job after a messy breakup with one of its founders? **NATURAL HABITAT** Austin (home of new boyfriend, oil scion Michael Herd). **BRAGGING RIGHTS** Half a million users, 15 percent growth every week. Also, Cate Blanchett cheekbones.



THE FUTURE



SISTINE ROSE STALLONE Rocky's middle daughter, 17, is a model, like Mom.



KAIA GERBER As gorgeous and smoldering as mom Cindy Crawford. Did we mention she's 13?



SAILOR BRINKLEY COOK Fresh-faced and golden-locked—Uptown Girl 2.0.



GRACE MURDOCH Only 14 and she has already made her Met Gala debut. Front page news?



LILY-ROSE DEPP A striking blend of dad Johnny and Chanel muse mom Vanessa Paradis.



ALEX McQUEEN Always shines on the red carpet next to her director dad, Steve McQueen.



PRINCESS CHARLOTTE London's landmarks were lit in pink upon her birth. Need we say more?

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THE EQUESTRIANS

They're graceful, gorgeous, well-bred. No, we aren't talking about the horses.



PAIGE JOHNSON

THE SKINNY Daughter of BET founders Bob and Sheila Johnson. **NATURAL HABITAT** Salamander, her mother's 165-acre horse farm in Virginia's Hunt County. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** She recently won her first major grand prix.

JENNIFER GATES



THE SKINNY Bill and Melinda's daughter practically grew up in Wellington. **NATURAL HABITAT** Stanford campus. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** Has a 228-acre estate outside San Diego that her parents bought for $18 million from weight loss guru Jenny Craig.

REED KESSLER

THE SKINNY She's an Olympic show jumper who represented the U.S. in London in 2012. **NATURAL HABITAT** Her family's horse farm in Lexington, Kentucky; Germany, where she now trains. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** Looks like a Tommy Hilfiger model.





CAROLINE VREELAND

THE SKINNY Diana Vreeland's great-granddaughter is a singer à la Fiona Apple. And a model, obviously. **NATURAL HABITAT** Frolicking around L.A. with her posse of beautiful blond friends and her model/actor boyfriend. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** She eats carbs (or at least claims to).

SCREEN HEIRESSES

They're talented, they're well-connected, and they're about to be everywhere.



MAUDE APATOW

THE SKINNY She's a master in the art of social media self-deprecation, and with her recent role on *Girls*, Judd Apatow and Leslie Mann's 16-year-old showed she's also funny in the flesh. **NATURAL HABITAT** Brentwood. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** 202,000 followers, despite averaging just a few tweets per month.



MORGANE POLANSKI

THE SKINNY The 22-year-old daughter of Roman Polanski and Emmanuelle Seigner stars as Charlemagne's descendant Princess Gisla in the TV drama *Vikings*. **NATURAL HABITAT** North London yoga studios; Paris (since traveling is difficult for Dad). **BRAGGING RIGHTS** Wearing a crown is in her job description.



BILLIE LOURD

THE SKINNY The daughter of Carrie Fisher and superagent Bryan Lourd is in the new *Star Wars* movie. (Mom will be back too, as Princess Leia.) **NATURAL HABITAT** New Orleans, filming Ryan Murphy's *Scream Queens* with Emma Roberts and Jamie Lee Curtis. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** J.J. Abrams recently voiced what much of Hollywood is thinking: "She's clearly going into the stratosphere."

ALMA JODOROWSKY

THE SKINNY This Parisian triple threat—she's an actress, model, and singer in a pop band—is a Karl Lagerfeld muse and a Lancôme ambassador. **NATURAL HABITAT** Chanel shows. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** Lest you think she's a dilettante, she already has one Palme d'Or winner—*Blue Is the Warmest Color*—on her CV.



THE SISTERS

They prove that swans are at their best in pairs.



GIGI & BELLA HADID

THE SKINNY Attend a runway show or look at the side of a bus and you'll spot at least one of them. **NATURAL HABITAT** Partying with Kendall Jenner and Taylor Swift (Gigi); studying photography at Parsons (Bella). **BRAGGING RIGHTS** More famous than their *Real Housewives of Beverly Hills* mom, Yolanda Foster.



EDIE & OLYMPIA CAMPBELL

THE SKINNY Edie is a top model and Karl Lagerfeld favorite who's dating former *T&C* Bachelor Otis Ferry. Now her kid sister's star is on the rise. **NATURAL HABITAT** Backstage. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** Great hand-me-downs. Mom Sophie Hicks was a *Vogue UK* stylist, and grandma Joan Hicks modeled in the '50s.

ROSE & TATIANA SCHLOSSBERG



THE SKINNY Caroline Kennedy's elder daughter, Rose, 27, is an artist/videographer/producer; Tatiana, 25, is a Metro reporter for the *New York Times*. **NATURAL HABITAT** Ceremonial events in DC. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** Jackie genes; Ivy degrees; bylines.

VERA & VIOLA ARRIVABENE VALENTI GONZAGA

THE SKINNY These Venetian nobles—who just launched the ViBi Venezia shoe line—grew up in the Palazzo Papadopoli. **NATURAL HABITAT** A yacht off Ibiza. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** They do a masked ball like nobody's business.



ANNA & SOFIA DE PAHLEN

THE SKINNY The twins are No. 6 and 7 of Gianni and Marella Agnelli's eight grandchildren. **NATURAL HABITAT** Fashion parties; royal weddings; their parents' sprawling home on Lake Geneva. **BRAGGING RIGHTS** Their matching DNA contains both Russian and Italian royalty.



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AMAL AT

SECRET LIVES



Finch Hatton, circa 1910. He crashed and burned in 1931.

Possibly the last photograph of Finch Hatton, on safari in 1931 in southern Kenya.

Beryl Markham pursued Denys Finch Hatton for 10 years.

An *Out of Africa*–worthy flight at Lewa Wilderness Conservancy.

TRACTION



The baroness Karen Blixen (a.k.a. Isak Dinesen), author of *Out of Africa*.



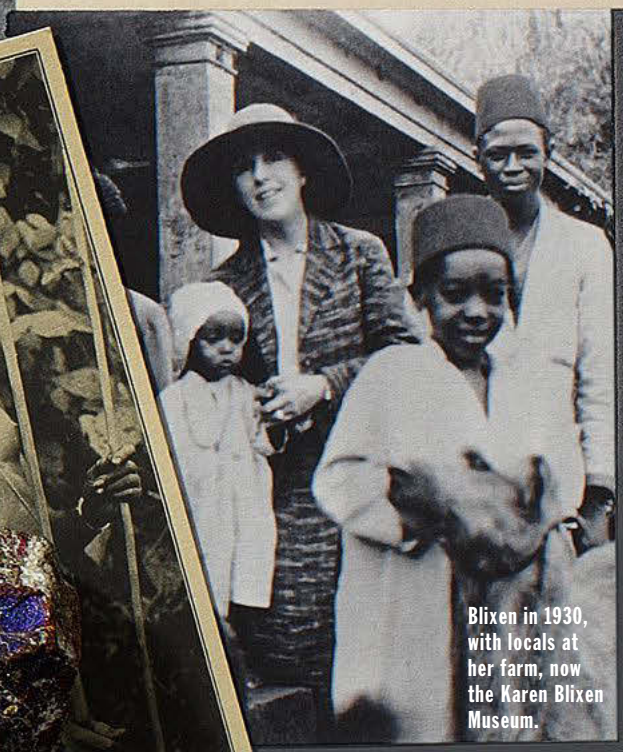
Markham in 1937.



A colonial-era portrait of Kenya's Meru warriors.



Camel-back expedition at the base of Mount Kenya.



Blixen in 1930, with locals at her farm, now the Karen Blixen Museum.

IT'S NO OVERSTATEMENT TO CALL THE PLAYERS IN COLONIAL KENYA'S SECRET TRIANGLE *WILDLY COMPLICATED:* THE HUNTER AND HEARTTHROB DENYS FINCH HATTON, THE BARONESS AND WRITER KAREN BLIXEN, AND HER FRIEND, THE *BOLD* AND BEAUTIFULLY *RECKLESS* BERYL MARKHAM.

By Paula McLain

Collages by Bruno Grizzo

Iconoclasts are born, surely, but more often they come smoking from the forge of highly particular circumstances and (unfortunately requisite) suffering. Beryl Markham is such a one. English born, the pioneering aviatrix lived most of her life in the British East African Protectorate, which became the Kenya Colony in 1920 before breaking from foreign rule in 1963, under the leadership of prime minister and president Jomo Kenyatta, to become the Republic of Kenya.

Through each of its violent moltings, Markham's bit of Africa was never less than her anchor and an argument for living boldly, sometimes on nerve alone. Her father Charles Clutterbuck was a horse breeder and trainer who in 1904 transplanted his family from tame Rutland, in the English Midlands, to 1,500 acres of untouched bush in the Rift Valley, 100 miles upcountry from Nairobi. Since building a farm out of nothing monopolized Clutterbuck's energy, and Markham's mother Clara very quickly abandoned the family to return to England, Markham became every inch the *enfant sauvage*, spear-hunting in the bush and in the Mau Forest with her childhood friend Kibii, a Kipsigis warrior-in-training, and testing herself on the thorny edges of her world. She rode a horse before she could walk, learned Swahili as her first language, and grew into a leggy, complex beauty hardwired to trust animals and the brutal landscape more than people, and to seek danger lest it seek her first.

But there was more loss to come. When a looming, highly public bankruptcy forced Clutterbuck to sell off his farm piecemeal, the 16-year-old Beryl was offloaded at a price as well (as she would later tell friends), to Jock Purves, a neighboring farmer twice her age. Reeling and humiliated, she scrabbled her way toward precious independence, and by age 18 had become the first licensed female racehorse trainer in Africa, and very possibly the world. Later she would fall in with a cohort of glamorous European expats that included the Danish writer/farmer/baroness Karen Blixen, author of *Out of Africa* (written under the pen name Isak Dinesen), and the big game hunter Denys Finch Hatton—a man Markham would pursue heedlessly, like no other, for more than a decade. It was Finch Hatton who first encouraged Markham to take up flying, setting her on a course to become the first woman (in 1936, at the age of 33) to cross the Atlantic solo, nonstop, and "the hard way," east to west, harassed by storms and wicked headwinds.

In Markham's memoir, *West with the Night*, first published in 1942, there is a lot of pluck and derring-do in her descriptions of her transatlantic flight and other adventures. The book kick-started my girl crush on Markham and inspired me to novelize her life—but I soon learned there were many, many closer-cutting stories she didn't touch on in her book, stories she guarded like a sphinx. Her talent was for secrecy, rather than discretion, and the practice of arch silence in the face of the gossip that arced behind her every move like a neon contrail.

Speculation about Markham has, in fact, outlived the woman by going on 30 years. She died in Nairobi in 1986, at the age of 83, but there are still claims that *West with the Night* wasn't hers at all but rather the effort of her third husband, the journalist and ghostwriter Raoul Schumacher. Also that her only son, Gervase, was the product of a liaison with Prince Henry, Duke of Gloucester (he toured Kenya on safari with his brother Edward, Prince of Wales, in 1928), that Beryl's second husband, Mansfield Markham, threatened to name the duke as corespondent in his divorce claim against her, and that monies put in trust by Prince Henry's mother, Queen Mary, to keep everyone's mouth shut paid out an annuity to Markham for the remainder of her life.

If one were inclined to take these and other rumors straight from the spoon, it would be nothing to write off Markham as an illiterate alcoholic who rarely, if ever, got off her back. But after spending more than a year plumbing her voice and psyche, I was weary of innuendo and began to think it was high time I left my desk and stacks of sources to search her out on her own turf. Was Markham's Kenya still findable, I wanted to know, and was it possible to grasp firsthand the power her distinct world exerted on her consciousness and on the map of her life? Nothing was obvious but the trailhead. Hooking in with Micato, a highly regarded safari company with roots in Kenya, I let them know what I was after and why, and then launched myself at Nairobi.

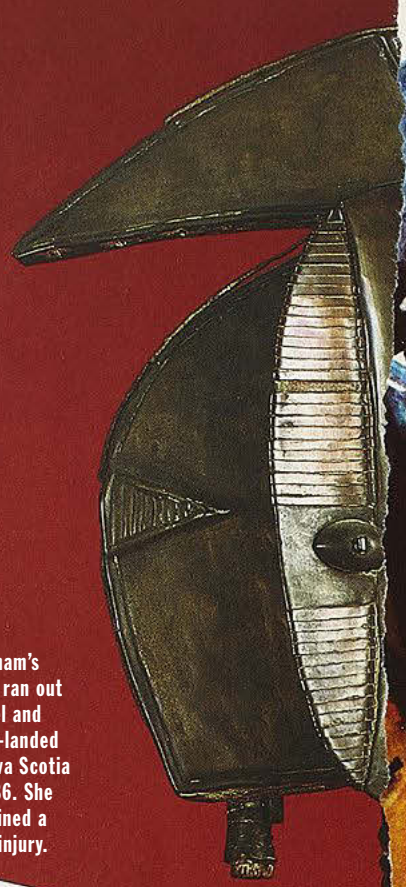
ARE YOU MARRIED, OR DO YOU LIVE IN KENYA? THE JOKE WENT THEN. INFIDELITIES WERE EXPECTED IF NOT MANDATORY—BUT SO TOO WAS A *SCRIM OF CIVILIZED DECEPTION* THAT KEPT THE RIGHT PEOPLE SHIELDED AND THE SURFACE INTACT.

"So there are many Africas," Markham wrote in *West with the Night*. "There are as many Africas as there are books about Africa." Indeed. My research had supplied me with a glorious sepia-toned image of Nairobi, but I also knew to expect the lurching modern world, sprawling slums and high-rises, traffic snarls and armed *askari* checking trucks for bombs. Radical Islam and Ebola have sent Kenya's economy teetering. Tourism—so essential to the country's well-being—is in free fall, but it's not altogether obvious to me that traveling to Africa today takes any more nerve than it ever has.

When Markham first knew it, Nairobi was a tin can outpost in a particularly uninhabitable stretch between Mombasa and Lake Victoria made reachable by the Uganda Railway, otherwise known as the Lunatic Express. Constructed between 1899 and 1903, in the midst of an all-out British land grab, the railway was the first strategic imperial project in Africa to push into the interior. With it came those bold (and, yes, very probably lunatic) Anglo-Irish and European pioneers, who endeavored to make a life in this unlikely place, where malarial papyrus swamp met red murrum dust met marauding lions.

Postcards and flyers promised Eden for the taking. A stake of 1,000 pounds could get you a thousand fertile acres and the Adamic fantasy of limitless beginning—but also tsetse flies and puff adders and ants vicious enough to take down a horse. Africa required grit and a certain stubborn romance, and if you came as a child, as Markham did, the place itself appeared to wake up those qualities. The undiscovered country seemed to correspond perfectly and mysteriously to something within that was primitive and bottomless.

COLLAGES PHOTOGRAPHED THROUGHOUT BY RICHARD MAICHRZAK/STUDIO D. PREVIOUS SPREAD, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: PICTORIAL PRESS LTD./ALAMY; GRANGER NYC; ROYAL LIBRARY COPENHAGEN. COURTESY MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS LIBRARY OF AFRICAN STUDIES WINTERTON COLLECTION NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY; AKG-IMAGES; NATIONAL ARCHIVES U.K./CO 1069-135-50; AP PHOTO; GRANGER NYC; JIMMY GREENWOOD/LEWA WILDERNESS KENYA. OPPOSITE, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: EVERETT COLLECTION INC./ALAMY; BETTMAN/CORBIS (3); PETER WEISS/AKG-IMAGES; COURTESY MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS LIBRARY OF AFRICAN STUDIES WINTERTON COLLECTION NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY; AP PHOTO; ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY/GETTY IMAGES



Markham's plane ran out of fuel and crash-landed in Nova Scotia in 1936. She sustained a head injury.



Her storybook girlhood cottage, in Njoro.





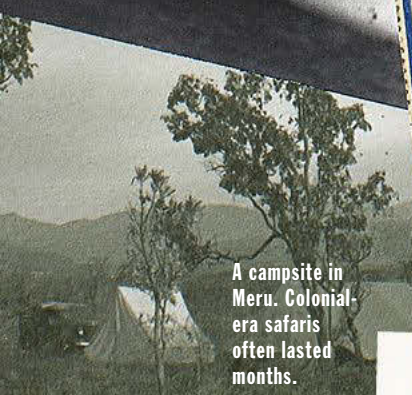




Lord Delamere, known as "D."



Kikuyu girls, 1913.



A campsite in Meru. Colonial-era safaris often lasted months.





Markham (*above and below*) just before her pioneering solo transatlantic flight, September 1936.





"She was much disliked by other people's wives, but we adored her."

The early settlers' first stop was invariably the Norfolk Hotel—my first stop as well. Built in 1904, Nairobi's first hotel was a critical player in its social history, the only toehold of "civilization," where any newcomer could get a cool bath, some nice gin, and the lay of the land. It's currently set in the middle of the University of Nairobi, the city pulsing and roaring until you step through the lobby and into the courtyard. And then: birdsong. Jacaranda. Time collapsing like a paper fan. In the veranda bar, the Cin Cin, slung with deep-cushioned rattan, I need only one bracing Negroni and a bit of squinting to see it as it was 100 years ago, settlers and hunters and dignitaries, as well as every British peer of note, gathering for gossipy high tea, or preparing to go on safari.

Markham danced here on her wedding night, in 1919, in ivory satin with pearl trimmings and yards of silk ninon. I've pored over every photo of her I can find, but being here, where she was, gives me a more visceral empathy. Not yet 17, and shell-shocked from the impending sale of her father's farm, she would have been bewildered about the future and her new husband—and poised to make some of her notorious mistakes.

Are you married, or do you live in Kenya? the joke went then. Infidelities were expected, if not mandatory—but so too was a scrim of civilized deception that kept the right people shielded and the surface intact. Markham couldn't or wouldn't follow the rules. When news of his bride's sexual impulsivity leaked back to Jock Purves, he picked loud, public fights, which horrified the community. He couldn't handle his liquor, some said. He might have been impotent, too. Before long Markham had had enough and went to train racehorses for Lord Delamere at his vast Soysambu Ranch, in the Great Rift Valley.

Delamere (known as "D") had been a neighbor during her childhood in Njoro and was a surrogate parent after her mother left for England. He was also the unofficial emperor of the white settlers and is still considered the most influential landowner in Kenya's history. His ranch has been run by his family continuously since 1906; since 2007 the property has also been a wildlife conservancy. The land holding, now 48,000 acres, is home to 12,000 head of wildlife, from aardvarks to zorillas. When I visit, the area is in the worst stretch of its dry season, and the animals are in hiding. I see mostly zebras, gazelles, and dust devils stitching the parched valley that surrounds the dormant volcano, Sleeping Warrior—also known by the local population as Delamere's Nose.

"It's just like Grandfather sleeping on his back," the current Lord Delamere, Hugh Cholmondeley, says over afternoon tea at the ranch. "With a nose like that," he plunges ahead provocatively, "you'd think he'd be able to make money." But when D died, in 1931, he was in debt to the tune of half a million pounds.

Cholmondeley is a "mere youngster of 81" and still imposing at six-foot-five, with legs that jut across the very lived-in veranda, which overlooks the sulfurous Lake Elmenteita. As his wife Anne feeds lemon cake to their Labradors, Cholmondeley tells me that when he was a teenager home on holiday from Eton in the mid-1950s, Markham came around looking for work. She was far too good-looking, so she was sent packing. "She was much disliked by other people's wives," Anne adds, "but when we saw her in town we would scoop her up and feed her. We adored her."

When the cake is gone, the bored dogs follow me as I scout the property. I find that the stable, paddock, and even the squat Norwegian wood cottage that housed Markham when she first left Purves to work for D are all pretty much as they were in 1922. D "knew nothing about building, or farming," Cholmondeley insists irascibly, and yet his grandfather's physical legacy persists, recalcitrant as the threads of colonialism itself. The crown ruled over this bit of Africa for only 60-some years—the width of an eyelash, really, in the canyon of geologic time—and yet here sits Cholmondeley, his long shadow tracing the veranda. For the moment, in any case. The wildcard inheritor of the baronetcy, his and Anne's only son, Tom Cholmondeley, was convicted of manslaughter in 2009 after shooting a farm worker he suspected of poaching. After a much-written-about trial, Tom served a portion of his sentence and was released. Hugh doesn't touch on the scandal, but he seems delighted to run through the roster of possible culprits in the Happy Valley murder of 1941, luridly treated in the book and film *White Mischief*.

"But it was Diana, wasn't it?" he asks cheerfully. "After all, she was covered head to toe in [the Earl of] [CONTINUED ON PAGE 118]

TRAILING BERYL

Almost a century on, much remains of Markham's, Finch Hatton's, and Blixen's sepia-colored Kenya. My 15-day trip was organized with great style by **Micato Safaris**, which has deep roots in the country and, admirably, sponsors a local child to go to primary school for each safari booked (MICATO.COM).

Fairmont the Norfolk, my Nairobi base, has always prized its colonial heritage; historical photographs abound, and breakfast is served on the Lord Delamere Terrace. From there it's easy to visit the Karen Blixen Museum, Finch Hatton's grave at Ngong Hills, and the Ngong Racecourse.

The Laikipia Plateau, which surrounds the deluxe **Segera Retreat**, is hauntingly austere: bleached rock formations and whistling thorn. Other extraordinary assets include owner Jochen Zeitz's collection of contemporary African art, his replica of Finch Hatton's Gipsy Moth plane, and a collection of rare correspondence from Africa's pioneers (extracts from Blixen's letters adorn the bed throws).

Lewa Wilderness, originally a ranch founded by the Craig family in 1922 and now nine guest cottages, offers visitors various ways to explore and engage, including an *Out of Africa*–worthy ride in Will Craig's open-cockpit biplane.

Nanyuki's **Mount Kenya Safari Club** was created as an elite private club in the 1950s by William Holden (members included Steve McQueen and Conrad Hilton). It sits right on the Equator—you can have a room in either hemisphere.

The Lake District, near Nairobi, was the stomping ground of the Happy Valley Set. For full immersion, stay at **Kembu Cottages**. Owners Zoe and Andrew Nightingale have moved Markham's cottage (which you can rent) to their property.

The **Sleeping Warrior Camp** is in the Soysambu Conservancy, once Lord Delamere's private hunting ground, now a starkly beautiful nature preserve on Lake Elmenteita.

The **Fairmont Mara Safari Club** was my home on the Maasai Mara. Markham was a bush pilot here. Epic game viewing and high-end tent living. *P.M.*





BUSH BEAUTY ***From top:*** **Segera Retreat; the Norfolk's bar; the view to infinity at the Sleeping Warrior Lodge.**



FROM TOP: DAVID CROOKES; COURTESY FAIRMONT HOTELS & RESORTS; STEPHANE PERRIER. OPPOSITE, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY/GETTY IMAGES; APIC/GETTY IMAGES; COURTESY MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS LIBRARY OF AFRICAN STUDIES NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY; BETTMAN/CORBIS; COURTESY STEPHEN MILLS; EYEON/GETTY IMAGES; NATIONAL ARCHIVES U.K./CO 1069-135-36; AKG-IMAGES



A viaduct on the British-built Uganda Railway, circa 1900.

Prince Henry, Duke of Gloucester, rumored Markham paramour.



An expedition fording the Molo River.

The private Muthaiga Club, Nairobi.

Leopards had never scared her, but lions did.



Maasai mothers in the forest of Kilimanjaro, 1920.

Markham with New York mayor Fiorello La Guardia after her 1936 Atlantic crossing.

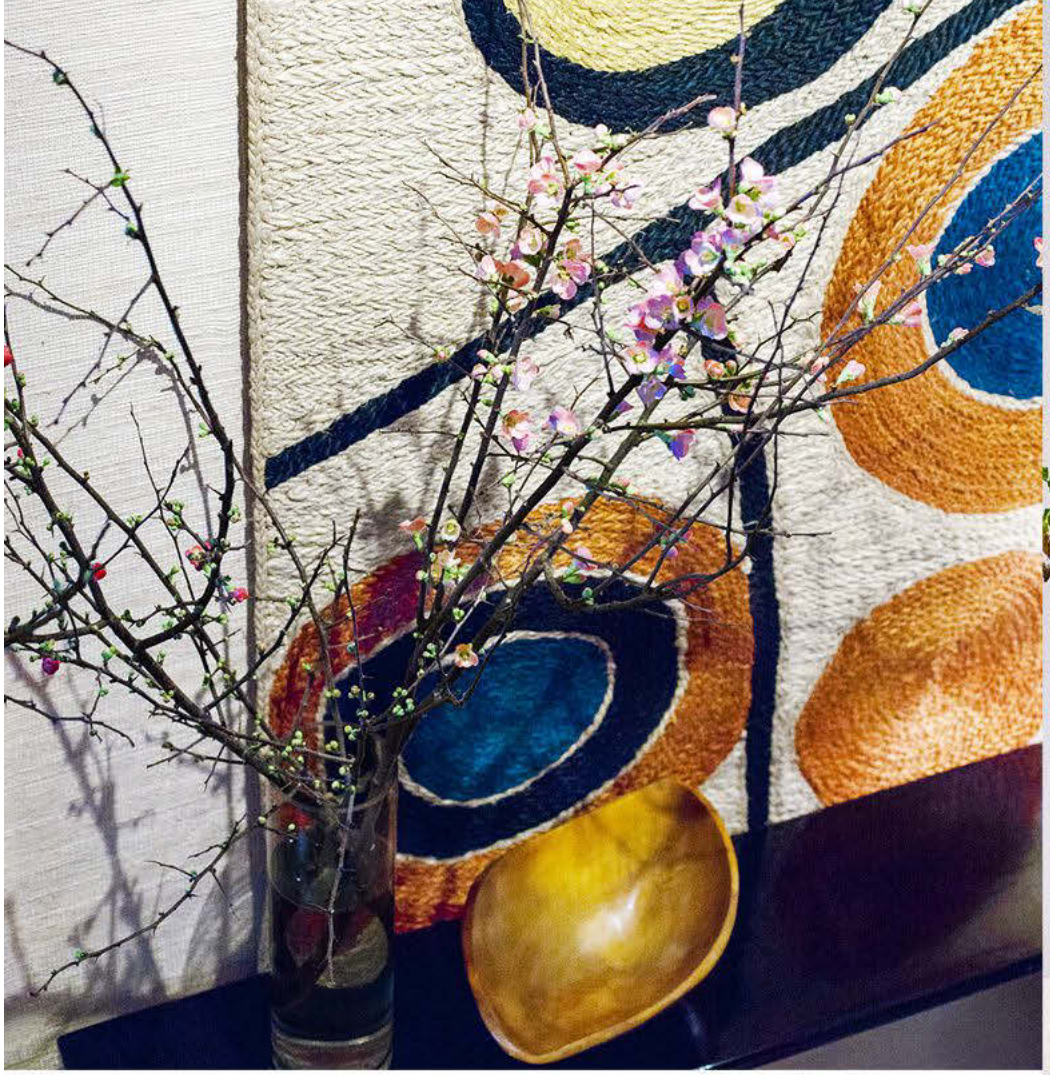


The Trophy Room at the Muthaiga Club.



Colonial plaything: a domesticated zebra. *Right:* After the hunt, circa 1915.







WHITE KNIGHT David Netto sits between a Jean Royère Polar Bear armchair and a sofa of his own design. The glass and steel cocktail table is one of a pair by Milo Baughman. *Left:* A 1970s Alexander Calder tapestry hangs in the entryway. BLOOMS BY **PLAZA FLOWERS**.

STATE of the UNION

IN DESIGNING A *PARK AVENUE APARTMENT* FOR A *MANHATTAN-BRED WASP* AND A WEST COAST TRANSPLANT, *DAVID NETTO* SET OUT TO FIND THE NEW MEANING OF *AMERICAN CHIC*.

By David Netto Photographs by Jean-François Campos

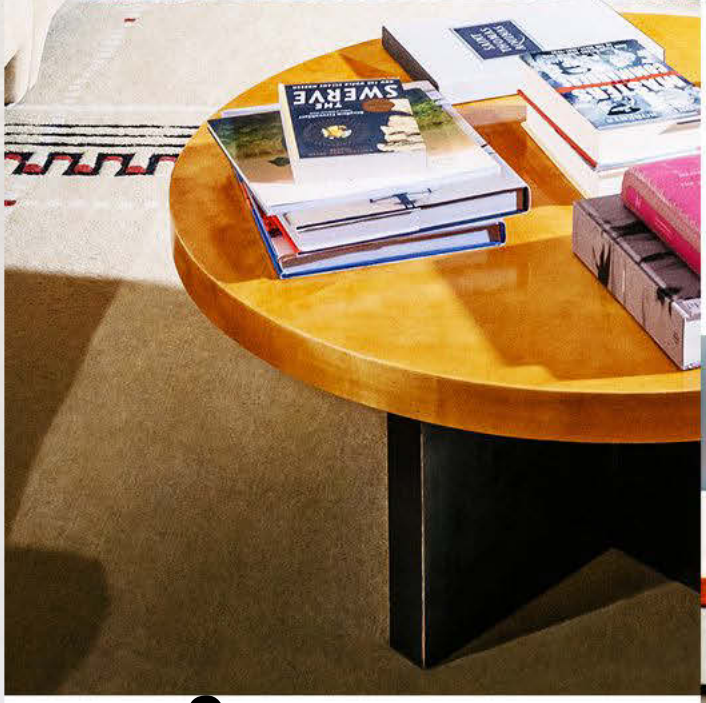


BALLY JACKET ($1,695); **DIOR HOMME** SHIRT ($600), JEANS ($670), AND SNEAKERS ($950). FOR DETAILS SEE PAGE 121.

Fashion styled by Will Kahn









CUSTOM MADE
Above, from left: **The library carpet's design was adapted from one by Emile-Jacques Ruhlmann and fabricated by Beauvais Carpets. A Biedermeier daybed anchors the guest bedroom.**

A lady once asked me at lunch what I liked about interior design as a profession. I answered, "It's the only job in the world that reminds me of a Preston Sturges movie." There's an irresistible combination of sophistication and farce, and there's also something heartfelt amid the hilarity.

Decorating is about taking aim. The design of any successful apartment or house has to begin with a concept—or just plain idea—that takes things in a strong and clear direction. It can start with something as simple as an insignificant piece of furniture ("This little table is so pure, so Shaker, that I want to build around it an austere world of bleached pine that resembles a country minister's house in 18th-century Sweden") or an architecturally daring gesture that adds narrative ("We'll keep the strapwork Tudor ceiling. It'll look as if you inherited the house from the rich WASP grandmother you never had"). But, however you start, know the story you want to tell, because, as in moviemaking, once you get a clear idea of what you want to do, the hardest thing in the world is to hold on to that vision and shield it against the onslaught of alternate suggestions, practical obstacles, and second thoughts that begin to rain down almost immediately and threaten to turn your project into a collage of compromises.

FOUND TREASURES
A late-18th-century clock from Paris sits atop a limestone mantel designed by Netto. The Kaare Klint 1930s leather armchair was bought at auction.

The guiding force for the apartment on these pages—a duplex for a young family in one of the earlier buildings on Park Avenue—was not so much an idea as a question that had been knocking around in my head for some time: "What has become of American Chic?" In terms of interiors, up until the early 1990s there was a very specific notion of what this meant. It was Bill Blass's apartment and Connecticut house, anything by Parish-Hadley, and, most enduringly of all, the legacy of Billy Baldwin. It was the combination of white or neutral upholstery with good 18th-century antiques, the use of small patterns in otherwise modern rooms, and the curiously simple premise that a backdrop with lines or a palette tending toward the masculine was even more stylish when a woman lived there (think of Brooke Astor's red library).

But where were today's equivalents? As with hip-hop, there had clearly been a Golden Age—and we weren't in it.

In looking for an answer, I wanted to design an apartment that had "young energy" but wasn't, in the words of my friend, the great ⟶



(and very American) designer Stephen Sills, "upscale West Elm." Privately I also hoped to add something new to the mixed-blessing design experiences of my 1970s childhood, which was spent in houses by the today underrated but truly great American decorator Kevin McNamara. I was an only child, and meals were often at the highly social Mortimer's. Nobody much spoke to our little three-top (perversely, my mother went for the food), so I had time to study the personal style of the New York beau monde unnoticed.

Which suited the young family I was decorating for just fine, because our relationship started with an unusual premise: The husband is quite a bit younger than I, but we had gone to the same school on the Upper East Side. He didn't want store-bought fancy decoration; he wanted someone who understood his background and the life he had known growing up. His wife, on the other hand, is from San Francisco, and as lovely as she is accomplished. Being from the West, she deserved not to be burdened by such ghosts, either preppy or patrician; for her it had to also be fresh and optimistic, and not just an exercise in Yankee nostalgia. (I might as well just tell you that I think too much of any kind of nostalgia is the pitfall of some very intelligent decorating.)

I was lucky to work with the New Haven–based classical architect Sam Mitchell, and we butted heads only once, over something trivial involving staircase details. (I let him win.) He was very accommodating about some of my weirder ideas, like running the parquet floor continuously from the entrance hall into the kitchen to make things feel bigger. (I wanted the elegant and big-scale diamond pattern to be like a mat, with both the high and low parts of the apartment sitting on it.) Sam is a very busy and successful architect, but he takes time to consider things, and I feel he would agree with me about the importance, for a designer, of this quote from Coco Chanel, which is a mantra of mine: "I love luxury. And luxury lies not in richness and ornateness but in the absence of vulgarity. Vulgarity is the ugliest word in our language. I stay in the game to fight it."

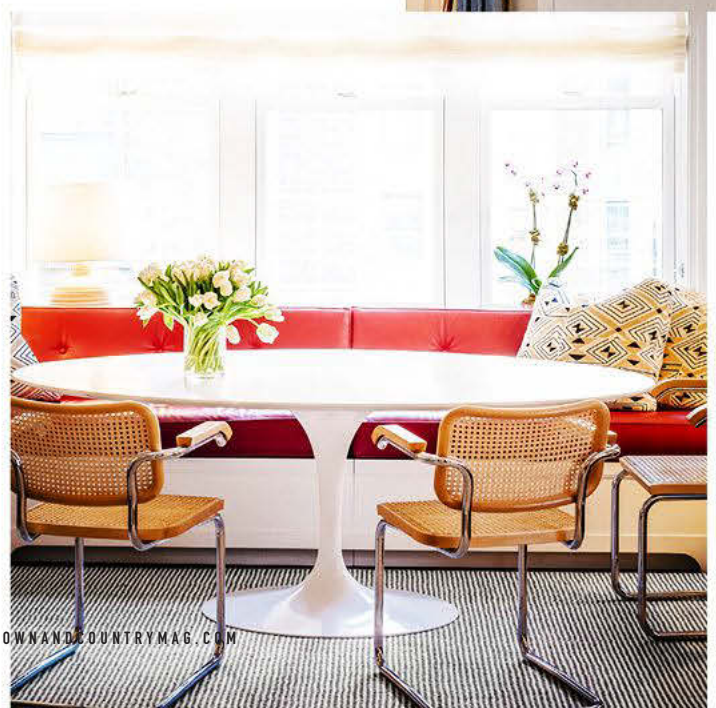




An aside: In my experience, the businessman husbands I often find myself designing for—megasuccessful alpha types with grueling schedules who oversee thousands of employees—are the ones most curious about the alchemical process of design. It was true in this case, and I think it's because it's a process they can't really get to the bottom of, or use their skills to make less illogical or more efficient. Decorating is collaborative but cannot be done by committee—cannot, really, beyond a certain level of competent organization, be better managed by throwing more personnel at it. An accurate assumption is that everything will have to be done three times, because of mistakes and screwups that would be impossible to anticipate (or even visualize) in a thousand years. (I once had to unload furniture for an installation from a moving truck in the process of being towed away; we persuaded the arresting officer to let us take the contents out while the truck dangled from a hook.)

The clients rarely know about these parts. And they shouldn't—it's our job to protect them from terrors. The men seem only to know something is happening that is very expensive, very desirable, and very hard to decode—and that goes against everything their MBAs and experiences have taught them. They are fascinated and want to talk about it a lot. The ladies are usually smarter and better at multitasking, delegating, and prioritizing, and just want you to get it done. Being trusted is the greatest motivation I know, and I would not dream of disappointing them. «

David Netto and his business partner, Barry Fox, operate David Netto Design LLC out of Los Angeles.



DOUBLE IMPACT *Left:* Sliding doors are in red leather adorned with nailheads on the library side; the side facing the living room is mirrored. *Right:* In the bathroom, a built-in vanity mirror the width of the room is flanked by Christian Liaigre sconces.



TWO OF A KIND Netto designed the black and white mantel in the waxed pine–paneled library (*above*) and the living room mantel that faces it as a pair. In the family room (*left*), Marcel Breuer chairs cozy up to a breakfast table with a leather banquette.



JULIE NEWMAR
After years of conflict, TV's original Catwoman egged neighbor John Belushi's house in response to his putting up a high, sun-blocking fence between their houses.

JIM BELUSHI
The actor sued Newmar for $4 million for harassing and defaming him in an ongoing campaign to drive him out. "She's weird. And he's a bully," a neighbor told the *L.A. Times*.

BOUNDARY ISSUES

WHEN YOUR NEIGHBOR IS *SUPERRICH*, FORGET *GOOD FENCES*—YOU NEED A *GOOD LAWYER*. AND DON'T ASK FOR A CUP OF SUGAR UNLESS YOU WANT A SIDE OF EGGS.

By Bob Morris

Ross Bleckner, the painter and man about town, is no shrinking violet. He isn't what you think of as a victim, either. So I was surprised to hear, after I ran into the affable artist not long ago, that he had sold his beloved home in Sagaponack. The five-acre property, a short walk from the beach, had previously belonged to Truman Capote. Bleckner was moving to the Springs, a less affluent area with no ocean access. He couldn't take the neighbors.

"They're horrific," he told me.

You'd have to be in a decades-long media blackout not to be aware of the architectural narrative of at least one of Bleckner's neighbors, the billionaire investor Ira Rennert. His 64,000-square-foot mansion—described as "audacious" by those who fought its construction in the 1990s and who recently stopped an expansion for a pool house and Pilates studio—is so big that a contractor told me the construction workers would literally drive from one end of the house to the other. Lately Rennert has been annoying the neighborhood with his helicopter, another hot button Hamptons issue among a class of people who have the means to get their way on nearly every single thing.

"I never thought of myself as communist, but the hypercapitalism has become unbearable," said Bleckner, who a few years ago fled Tribeca because of the nonstop luxury residential construction. "These people sit in their giant homes all day, moving money around on their computers, completely disengaged from the community and anything around them."

So much for a beautiful day in his neighborhood. But, then, with Mister Rogers long gone, who doesn't have an issue with the neighbors? And how could we not? Personal space is at a premium; crime is up, raising paranoia and lowering trust, even between people who know each other; and where once upon a time people kept tight control of their children and their dogs without a second thought, now they're conflicted disciplinarians who don't want to be told how to do things. Society, it seems, has gone from the *Ozzie and Harriet* mentality, which viewed neighbors as an essential part of social life—looking out for and comforting one another—to seeing them as a nuisance. I would know: I've had crazy battles in my New York City building over noise, including a complaint from a downstairs neighbor about my snoring.

And right now, in the middle of summer, when windows open and people entertain outside, rage can accumulate faster than storm clouds. Add to that scenario a world of elevated entitlement (with everyone as quick to bend the rules as they are to cry foul when they see them broken) and affluent vacationers (the type who use lawyers to handle the tiniest of infractions), and—presto!—even the most beautiful place on earth becomes paradise lost.

"People who spend millions to be in the Hamptons feel they should be able to do whatever they want," says Steven Gaines, author of *Philistines at the Hedgerow*. "They don't consider the neighbors until they get in trouble."

"And once you buy a property that costs a fortune, you're in a rush to get your renovation done," says Michael Schultz, a Hamptons realtor. At the old-school Georgica Association, where he has his home, at least there's a degree of neighborly consideration that comes with a close-living summer community. But that hasn't stopped a friend who has lived there for decades from being miffed by renovations in high season.

"We don't sue, we just glare," Schultz told me.

With pointed looks Martha Stewart might have saved hundreds of thousands of dollars in her famous Georgica Pond landscaping battle with real estate mogul Harry Macklowe, whom she accused of planting trees and hedges on property that she claimed was ➳

MAP DATA © 2015 GOOGLE; JASON LAVERIS/FILMMAGIC (NEWMAR); ANDY KROPA/GETTY IMAGES (BELUSHI)

hers. (Macklowe went on to plant the tallest apartment building in the world at 432 Park Avenue.) The low point of that dispute came when Stewart allegedly pinned one of Macklowe's employees against a security gate with her SUV.

Still, Stewart's suit looks like chump change compared with a property fracas that took place in Lyford Cay, the tony Bahamas enclave associated with discretion and names like Hallingby, Paley, and Sandra McConnell, an Avon heiress. Louis Bacon, a hedge fund tycoon, is suing his neighbor Peter Nygard, a Canadian clothing magnate, for $100 million, claiming that in expanding his property Nygard employed illegal and environmentally unsound dredging. In April Nygard—who owns a 150,000-square-foot Mayan-themed mansion more in keeping with the nearby Atlantis resort than a WASPy colony sometimes called "Lifeless Cay"—countersued Bacon for $50 million, claiming that he was behind a 2009 fire on the property. (Bacon was overheard threatening to burn Nygard's house down after his efforts to prevent further expansion were unsuccessful.) Things escalated from there, with Bacon claiming that Nygard had damaged his reputation by conducting a smear campaign that suggested that Bacon was a murderer, arsonist, and white supremacist. (Case in point: Nygard's January "hate rally," with marchers wearing KKK hoods and carrying signs accusing Bacon of being a racist.) "Angry billionaires in paradise," read one reader's comment on the *New York Times* website, in response to an article about the battle, which goes to court in Manhattan this fall.

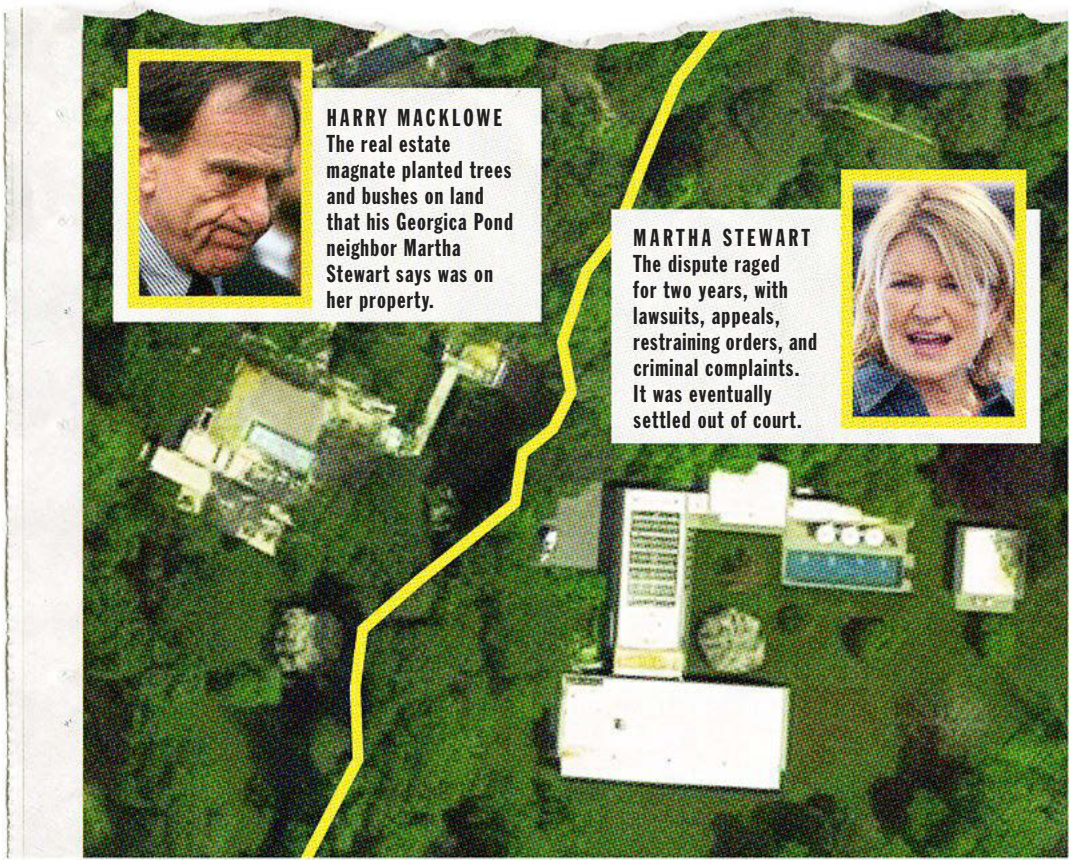
In another land grab gone wrong, Mark Zuckerberg bought up four properties around his Palo Alto home to secure his privacy. (He also ticked the neighbors off by hosting a fund-raiser for Chris Christie in 2013.) He is being sued by one of the sellers, who offered him his property at a deep discount. Zuckerberg, it is claimed, got the price down from $4.3 million to $1.7 million by promising to introduce his former neighbor to major Silicon Valley players. When that didn't happen, the man filed a suit that threatens to make public certain private information (such as Zuckerberg's net worth).

Meanwhile, 50 or so miles to the north, *Star Wars* creator George Lucas seems to be exacting his own revenge on affluent Marin County neighbors who fought successfully against the expansion of his movie studio in 2012. In an ingenious slap to their collective face (and potentially their property values), Lucas is bankrolling the construction of 224 affordable homes instead, declaring, according to his lawyer, "We've got enough millionaires here."

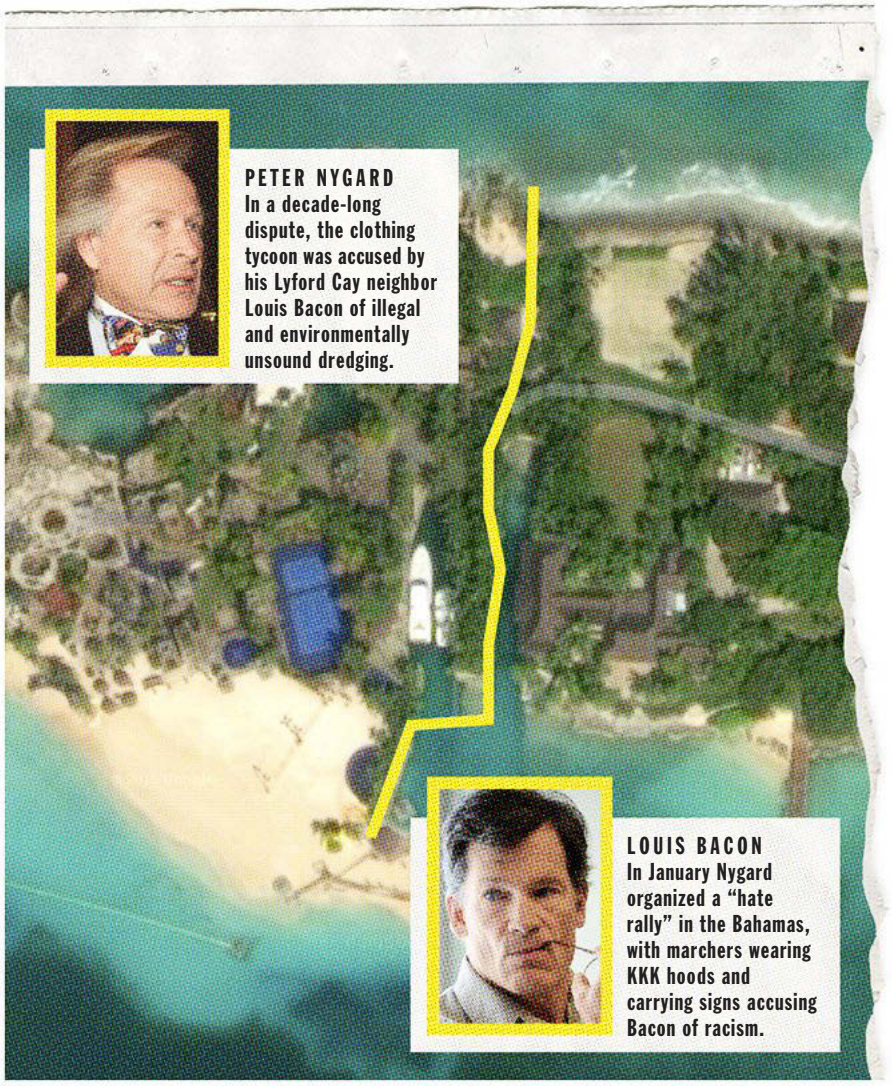
Well, *plus ça change*. In the 1870s, decades before Robert Frost wrote about good fences making good neighbors, the railroad baron Charles Crocker built a "spite fence" that obstructed one of his Nob Hill neighbors' sunlight and view of the Bay in the hope of persuading him to sell his property. The neighbor, an undertaker, responded by erecting a 10-foot-long coffin on his roof and painting a skull and crossbones on it. A spite fence law followed and still exists (California Civil Code 841.4).

To date there are no ordinances addressing eggs, but it's probably just a matter of time. In 2004 actress Julie Newmar egged actor John Belushi's house in Brentwood in response to a high fence that she claimed robbed her famous rose garden of sunlight. Belushi, author of *Real Men Don't Apologize*, sued Newmar for $4 million for harassment, defamation, and vandalism. More recently Justin Bieber responded to noise complaints by pelting the home of a neighbor in Calabasas, California, with "at least a dozen eggs."

"WELCOME TO THE *UPHILL, LONELY BATTLES* THAT ARE MORE LIKELY TO SEND THE GOOD GUY PACKING WHILE THE *BAD GUY WINS.*"



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PETER NYGARD
In a decade-long dispute, the clothing tycoon was accused by his Lyford Cay neighbor Louis Bacon of illegal and environmentally unsound dredging.

LOUIS BACON
In January Nygard organized a "hate rally" in the Bahamas, with marchers wearing KKK hoods and carrying signs accusing Bacon of racism.

Bieber was ordered to pay almost $90,000 in damages.

Imagine how quickly the spite accelerates in the confines of an apartment building—particularly a new one that New York's wealthiest residents are eager to be the first to move into. "You have all these assholes who want the elevator first," says Michael Gross, author of *House of Outrageous Fortune*, a book about 15 Central Park West, which opened in 2008 and includes among its tenants Bob Costas (who, according to Gross, once managed to stop a neighbor's construction because he needed to take a nap after a red-eye flight).

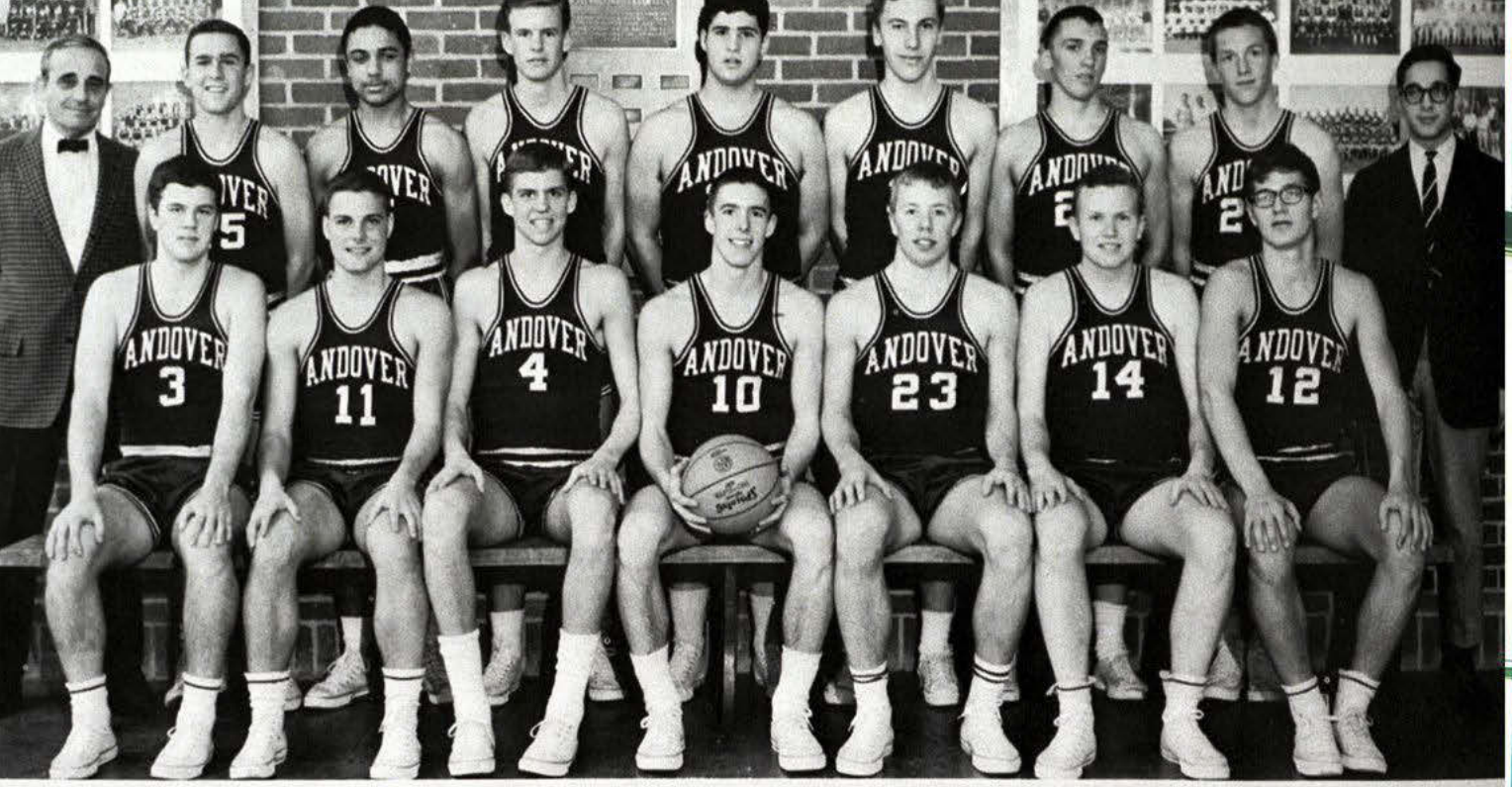
Another point of contention for the privileged is privacy. For his project "The Neighbors," photographer Arne Svenson, who lived in Tribeca long before it became one of the country's wealthiest zip codes, employed a telephoto lens generally used for bird-watching to shoot people in a new glass high-rise across the way. The images he created were abstract, the subjects unrecognizable. So he was blindsided when his neighbors sued him. "I guess when you pay $4 million for an apartment you expect that you can look out your windows but not have anyone looking back at you," says Svenson, who won the suit.

Of course, neighbor wars are not exclusive to the rich. All over this country (and in England, too, where there are now Antisocial Behavior Orders to deal with what was once handled by families), the perils of proximity blossom in vivid and disconcerting display. Mark Twain flagged it years ago when he quipped, "Nothing so needs reforming as other people's habits." Imagine what he and Emily Post would think today, with the bar for civilized conversation virtually on the floor and with face-to-face discourse something from a bygone age. Twenty years ago, when Senator Patrick Moynihan coined the phrase "defining deviancy down"—a reference to the rising acceptance of bad public behavior—he couldn't have imagined a world in which TV judges have to tell defendants that they're responsible for the medical bills when their dogs attack the neighbors. And when collaboration—or simple compassion—is the last thing on anyone's mind, the middle ground is nowhere in sight. As they say in conflict resolution training (which I took to deal with my pronounced inability to live in a world with other people in it), "When all you have is a hammer, everything looks like a nail."

And when you feel, as so many do these days, that the moral imperative to be yourself trumps a neighbor's right to enjoy peace in his own home, the tension can become unbearable. As a noise-sensitive neighbor, I've often wondered how people can be so unaware of those around them. I've composed conciliatory letters and e-mails, thinking that if I come off as vulnerable rather than threatening it might help elicit more considerate behavior. I get nowhere. Then I mope around, doubting my right to ask for quiet in the first place when people have a right to live their lives, even if it ruins my sleep. "Close your windows and turn the fans on," a less noise-sensitive neighbor suggests when I grumble about raucous late night pool parties next door to our summer house.

"Welcome to the uphill, lonely battles that are more likely to send the good guy packing while the bad guy wins," writes vigilante Bob Borzotta in his book *Neighbors from Hell*. He suggests that, despite anti-noise and other laws that lay down parameters of acceptability, the authorities these days are not disposed to help complainers, which turns people like me into some kind of whining underclass. Maybe I should live in Old Westbury, where some neighbors prevailed last year. They hated a three-story-tall Damien Hirst sculpture of a standing woman and her exposed fetus, even if they could barely see it. The mayor told the *New York Times* that the statue would be more suitable outside a medical building devoted to gynecology. "It's out of character with the neighborhood," he said. The owner, collector and developer Aby Rosen, agreed not only to move it; he turned the statue around. (Rosen couldn't turn around the Landmarks Preservation Commission, however; in May it killed his plans to revamp the iconic Four Seasons Restaurant.)

Other one percent losers include David Geffen, who failed, in a 2005 battle, to ban the great unwashed and fanny-packed public from walking on the beach in front of his Malibu home, and financier Ron Perelman, who once tried to buy the Hamptons shop that rented kayaks to people who then paddled past his property to get to Georgica Pond. Perelman had better luck asserting himself for a while with Le Bilboquet, the small Eurotrash café across from his Upper East Side townhouse. He pulled strings to keep the place from adding four tiny outdoor tables that might have disturbed his peace. "Maybe he doesn't like the Belgians or French," Philippe Delgrange, the owner, said in 2004. **[CONTINUED ON PAGE 119]**



Back: DiClemente (Coach), Bush, Downing, Johnson, Greenberg, Congdon, Kenna, Wood, Kroll (Manager). *Front*: Vermeil, Sawyer, Wurster, Williams, Brenner, Almquist, Timberlake.





THEN AND NOW *Clockwise from right:* John Palfrey, in Phelps House, official residence of the head of school; John F. Kennedy Jr. at Andover; students goof off in the 1960s; George W. Bush (*top row, second from left*) with the basketball team.



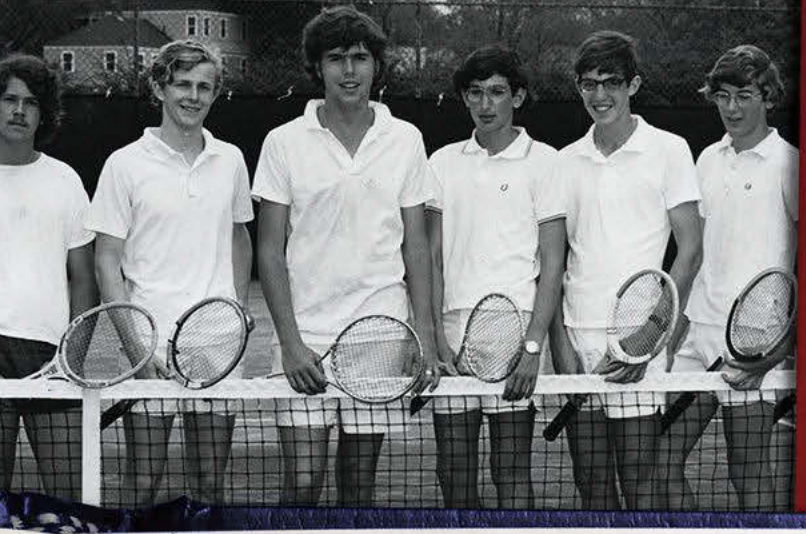
DARREN MCCOLLESTER/NEWSMAKERS/GETTY IMAGES (BASKETBALL TEAM); STUDENTS IN PHONE BOOTH): SHUTTERSTOCK/REX (JFK JR.)

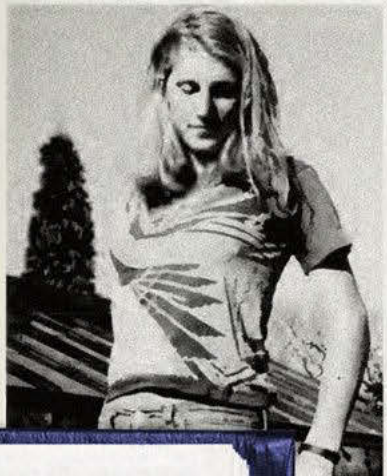
CLASS REBEL

FOR CENTURIES *ANDOVER* WAS CONSIDERED THE *NE PLUS ULTRA* OF ELITIST, INSULAR BOARDING SCHOOLS. NOW, WITH A YOUNG *ICONOCLAST* AT THE HELM, IT HAS BECOME AN INSTITUTION THAT WOULD *SHOCK* ITS 18TH-CENTURY FOUNDERS.

BURBERRY LONDON SUIT ($1,395); **PAUL STUART** VEST ($487); **BLACK FLEECE BY BROOKS BROTHERS** SHIRT ($195); **G.H. BASS** SHOES ($295). FOR DETAILS SEE PAGE 121.

By Richard McGill Murphy
Portrait by Christian Witkin
Styled by Will Kahn





Vanessa Kerry

Close your mouth,
block off your senses,
Blunt your sharpness,
untie your knots,
soften your glare,
settle your dust.
This is the primal identity.

Knowing others is intelligence;
knowing yourself is true wisdom.
Mastering others is strength;
mastering yourself is true power.

— Hao-tzu

THE ALUMNI

JEB BUSH
Class of 1971
The Florida governor and presidential hopeful was captain of the tennis team (*above, third from left*).

VANESSA KERRY
Class of 1995
After graduation, John Kerry's daughter traded her "Big Blue" lacrosse jersey for a "Yale Blue" one.

OLIVIA WILDE
Class of 2002
As a sophomore she landed a part in Andover's production of *Coriolanus*.

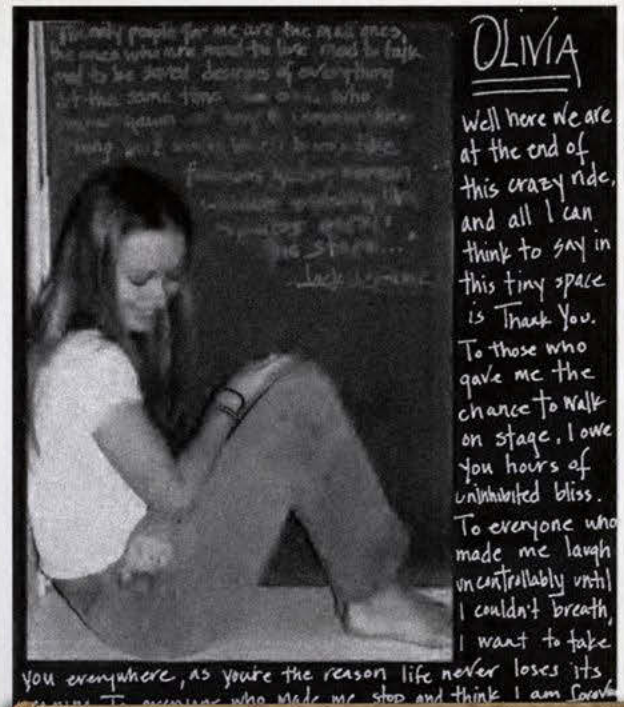
HUMPHREY BOGART
Attended 1918; expelled
Rumor has it he threw a headmaster into the campus's Rabbit Pond. His yearbook superlative: "Vainest."

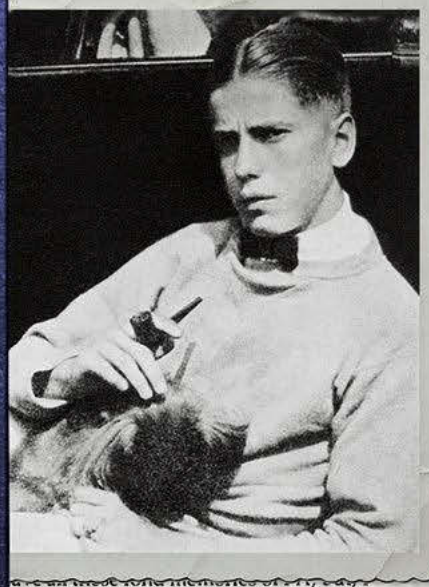
WALKER EVANS
Class of 1922
The famed Depression photographer sang second tenor in the glee club.

FRANK STELLA
Class of 1954
Before he was a painter he was named "class cynic" by the yearbook.

JANE PRATT
Class of 1980
The *Jane* magazine founder says she "felt like a loser" during her first year.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]





er existed. Anyway, thanks for your sup-
e here, you all are very special people

CLASSICAL SENIORS

WALKER EVANS, 3RD

Yale
Entered Andover 1921 St. Louis, Mo.





Jane E. Pratt

Jo
You can get
You can get
You can get
But you mus
And you will

FRANK PHILIP STELLA, 159 Main St., Malden, Mass.
J - Foxcroft



One Sunday morning in late October, Iman Masmoudi stepped onto a wooden balcony and began to sing. "I bear witness that there is no god except God," she chanted in melodic Arabic. "I bear witness that Muhammad is the messenger of God." This was not, in itself, an especially notable event. For the past 1,400 years the call to prayer has echoed five times daily from mosques throughout the Muslim world. The novel aspect of Masmoudi's performance was that she invoked the Prophet Muhammad in the oak-paneled sanctuary of Cochran Chapel at Phillips Academy, a boarding school known commonly as Andover because its graceful Georgian campus spreads over a hilltop in Andover, Massachusetts, a leafy suburban town about 20 miles north of Boston.



EASY ACCESS Palfrey teaches his Hacking seminar, which explores the ethics involved in such major hacking stories as the Wikileaks affair, in the solarium of Phelps House.

Masmoudi grew up in North Carolina and graduated from Andover in 2014. The occasion was a nondenominational prayer service held during parents weekend her senior year. The chapel pews were packed with students, relatives, and faculty members, including John Gorham Palfrey VII, Andover's 15th head of school. "Iman's performance was chillingly effective and quite beautiful," Palfrey says. "I think it was the right thing for our global moment. Yet it obviously wouldn't have squared with what the Phillips family had in mind back in 1778."

The Phillipses were wealthy merchants who manufactured gunpowder for the Patriot army during the American Revolution. Three years into that conflict they founded Andover, which was followed three years later by a sister school in New Hampshire called Phillips Exeter Academy. Their powdered wigs would likely have flipped at the spectacle of a young woman proclaiming the Islamic creed anywhere near their school chapel. After all, Andover's founding constitution states that teachers must all be "professors of the Christian religion," a rule now honored in the breach. Yet the constitution also proclaims that Andover "shall be ever equally open to Youth, of requisite qualifications, from every quarter…" In that sense, the performance affirmed Andover's original gestalt.

In the late 1700s "youth from every quarter" meant white Protestant boys who hailed primarily from Andover and nearby towns. Students from prosperous families paid a few dollars a term to study Latin, Greek, and arithmetic under the baleful gaze and ready cane of Eliphalet Pearson, a learned Puritan who was Andover's first head of school. Boys of modest means received scholarships, an Andover tradition that has continued ever since. Today Andover is a coed school whose 1,130 students represent 45 U.S. states and territories, and 38 countries around the world. Nine percent of the students are international, 42 percent are of color, and nearly half receive financial aid to help cover tuition and other costs, which currently run $50,300 a year for boarders.

In 2008—long after the Andover days of Frank Stella, Humphrey Bogart, Jeb and George W. Bush, John F. Kennedy Jr., and preppy icon James Spader—it became the first American boarding school to offer "need-blind" admission, a formal pledge that the school would be financially feasible for any deserving applicant. Andover currently spends around $20 million a year honoring this commitment, which is possible thanks to a $1 billion endowment (the second-largest among American private schools, after Exeter), as well as generous alumni and parents, who pony up about $10 million every year in contributions to the school's Annual Fund. At least for now, this flood of money helps ensure that Andover bears little resemblance to the old stereotype of the New England prep school as academic playground for wealthy, privileged Caucasians. "This is the most diverse environment that most of these kids will ever live in," says Palfrey, who is now in his fourth year as head of school.

Palfrey is not exactly a poster child for the modern American melting pot. His Massachusetts roots date back to 1623, when a Puritan named Peter Palfrey arrived from England "on one of those early boats" (the Abigail) and became a founder of Salem. His family tree includes a signer of the U.S. Constitution, the founding dean of Harvard Divinity School, and great-great-grandfather Theodore Roosevelt. Palfrey grew up as a faculty brat at Harvard, where his parents are currently co-masters of Adams House. His career has been one of sustained achievement along a classic East Coast academic track. He prepped at Exeter, Andover's sister school and bitter athletic rival. As a Harvard undergraduate in the early 1990s, he studied hard enough to earn the nickname Library Man from his classmates, and he played squash well enough to co-captain a college team that was undefeated and won the national championship. He went on to study history at Cambridge and law at Harvard, where he joined the law school faculty at the ripe age of 29.

As he rose through the professorial ranks, Palfrey was mentored by future Supreme Court justice Elena Kagan and became an expert in the learning styles of so-called digital natives, meaning children who have never experienced a world without internet access. He ran a research institute called the Berkman Center for Internet & Society and helped design Harvard's open online course offerings. He also co-founded the Digital Public Library of America (DPLA), a nonprofit, open-source alternative to Google Books that has the ambitious goal of making the entire cultural heritage of the United States accessible through a single online portal. During his years at Harvard, Palfrey even found time to launch a national campaign against cyberbullying, in partnership with Lady Gaga. "He has a capacity for work that I've never seen anywhere," says Maura Marx, a former Berkman Center fellow who worked with Palfrey on the DPLA project.

At 42, Palfrey could still pass for a law student. His gray flannel suits hang loose on his lean frame and somehow convey the impression that he is dressed for a moot court appearance or a ➤➤

CHRISTIAN WITKIN. OPPOSITE: ARCHIVIO GBB/CONTRASTO/CONTRASTO/REDUX (BOGART); POT POURRI/PHILLIPS ACADEMY (ALL OTHER PORTRAITS); GETTY IMAGES (ALL BOOK EDGES)

summer job interview down at the U.S. Attorney's office. If something you say amuses him, he will double over in a silent, open-mouthed laugh. And he clearly likes his job. Addressing an alumni gathering last year, Palfrey announced that he had fallen in love with the Andover class of 2013. "In an okay way," he added. "Not in a creepy way."

With deep roots in the old WASP establishment, Palfrey is not the first person you'd expect to dedicate himself to "hacking" America's oldest incorporated boarding school. Yet the word comes up often in conversation with him. When he talks about hacking, he isn't thinking of pimply teenagers or North Korean cadres breaking into corporate and government computer systems. "There's a really positive form of hacking, which is to deconstruct and then reconstruct a system," he says. "I think that's the exciting moment that we have in the digital age, to break down core democratic systems and then remake them in an image that will serve the public interest broadly."

Although Andover might not fit everyone's definition of a core democratic system, the school's early history was bound up with that of American democracy. John Hancock signed Andover's Act of Incorporation four years after he signed the Declaration of Independence. George Washington addressed the students and townspeople of Andover during his New England tour in 1789. Paul Revere designed the Andover seal, with its Masonic imagery of bees buzzing around a hive, signifying industry, and two Latin mottoes: *Finis origine pendet* ("The end depends on the beginning") and *Non sibi* ("Not for self alone"). As these slogans suggest, Andover has always thought of itself as "a private school with a public purpose," a phrase attributed to Theodore Sizer, the head of school who brought coeducation to Andover, in 1973, via a merger with a neighboring girls school called Abbot Academy.

"PART OF YOU THINKS YOU'RE THE *CREAM OF THE CROP*," SAYS A 2014 GRAD. "THEN COLLEGE SEASON ROLLS AROUND AND YOU REALIZE NOT EVERYONE GOES TO THE *TOP SCHOOLS*."

I'm a middle-aged Andover graduate myself. I went to the school at a time before e-mail, Skype, mobile phones, or the remote helicopter parenting that these technologies now enable. Historically, teachers tended to leave students alone outside of class and mandatory athletics, assuming they kept their grades up and didn't break too many school rules in public. For Henry L. Stimson, a late-19th-century graduate who went on to order the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki as President Truman's secretary of war, Andover represented "perfect freedom, tempered by expulsion." For me Andover was a good place to learn the habits of independent living and critical thought. During my three years there I was encouraged to read widely, reason closely, and write well.

Yet Andover could feel cold at times. Then and now, it was a school that tended to suit confident, self-motivated teenagers. In my day it did not provide an especially nurturing environment for marginal students or anyone struggling with an emotional challenge. You either swam or sank; either way, the old buildings stood, the grass stayed green, and Commons served baked ziti once a week.

I was a State Department brat who had grown up abroad and had limited understanding of American culture, let alone the folkways of an East Coast boarding school. I eventually figured Andover out well enough to make friends and get into a top college, but for the first two years I brought books to the dining hall and ate many meals alone, hoping peers would mistake my shyness for intellectual hauteur.

My Andover career coincided with the last, faint flickerings of the 1960s counterculture, filtered through a prism of social and institutional privilege. On New England prep school campuses the early 1980s were the heyday of the Trustafarian and the preppy Deadhead, subspecies of prepdom that coexisted, more or less amicably, with the popped-collar, *Official Preppy Handbook* culture of the era. Like no small number of my male peers, I grew my hair long and spent a lot of time flinging Frisbees on the Great Lawn, a lush expanse of manicured turf bounded by low stone walls and an allée of ancient American elms. We listened to vinyl LPs over bong hits in dorm rooms festooned with those cheap Indian print bedspreads that preppy kids called tapestries. For a while I even went to class with a red bandanna tied around my left knee, in a sincere if risible homage to the Jimi Hendrix poster on the wall of my dormitory common room.

We lived mainly in an Andover bubble, disconnected from the politics of the wider world. However, the 1960s were recent enough that we still defined cool in opposition to adult authority. As a result student-faculty relations could sometimes turn adversarial. Our dean of students was in the habit of dressing up in black leather and riding his Harley-Davidson around the campus late at night, with the goal of busting students for the crime of leaving their dormitories after evening sign-in. The same dean presided over a boys dorm whose residents were kept on their toes by his habit of removing one shoe before climbing the stairs to inspect their rooms. He would stamp his one shod foot loudly on every second tread, allowing him to reach the top twice as fast as the boys expected. In this way he could disrupt revels involving booze, drugs, and/or girls before his charges had time to hide the evidence. Faced with such tactics, Andover students rapidly learned the arts of secrecy and dissimulation. As one of my contemporaries put it recently, the school was "fantastic preparation for a life of petty crime."

And now? During the several days I spent following Palfrey around the campus and talking to administrators, faculty, and students, I found Andover happier, far more diverse, and a bit less quirky than the school I left in 1983. It now offers a wealth of academic and psychological supports for struggling students. "The percentage of kids who flunk [CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]

OPPOSITE: RAY STUBBLEBINE/AP PHOTO (SPADER); POT POURRI/PHILLIPS ACADEMY (ALL OTHER PORTRAITS)



Danes Zanes



and even though the moments passed me by,
I still can't turn away...

Chris Hughes

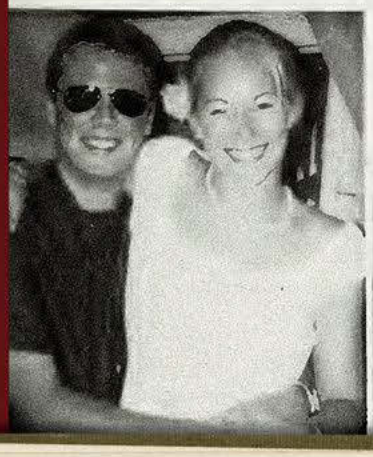
"Everything has been figured out, except how to live."
-Jean-Paul Sartre



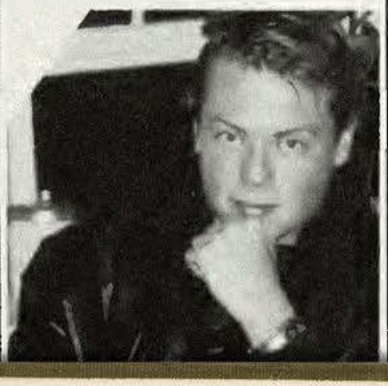
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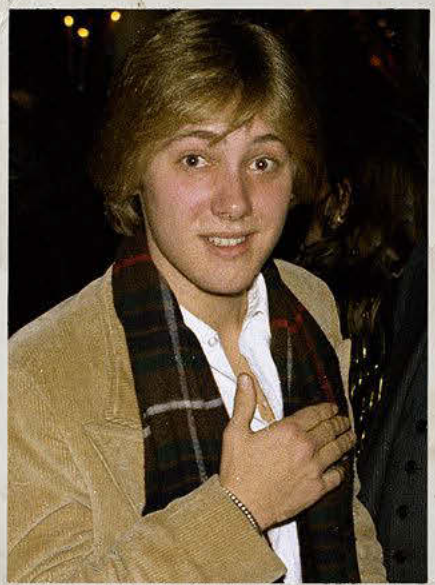
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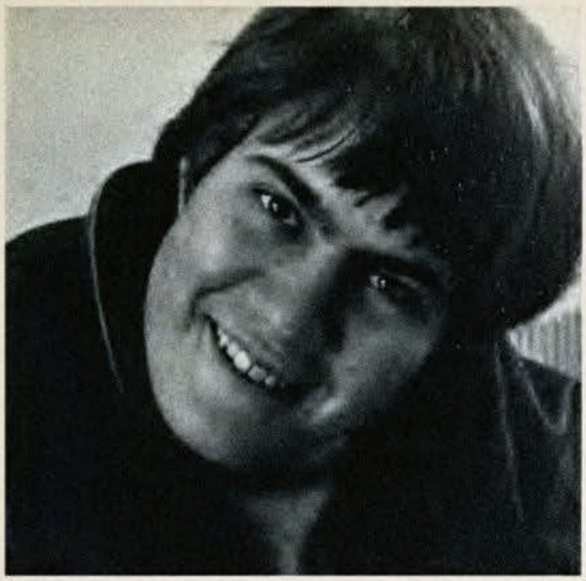
264



John W. Kluge Jr.







BILL BELICHICK

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114]

DAN ZANES
Class of 1979
The scholarship kid turned children's music icon serenaded students in the quad between classes.

CHRIS HUGHES
Class of 2002
The Facebook co-founder and *New Republic* editor was once the president of Andover's Young Democrats.

JOHN KLUGE JR.
Class of 2001
Before donating billions for toilets in the developing world, he was a water polo player living at Foxcroft.

JAMES SPADER
Class of 1978; dropped out
Only a few years before his big screen debut, he was on the Andover stage in a 1977 production of *A Thurber Carnival.*

BILL BELICHICK
Class of 1971
The Patriots coach enrolled for a postgrad year to play football.

JOSEPH CORNELL
Class of 1921
His headmaster contacted his mother to express concern about the future sculptor's extreme shyness.

RS

lass.
ines

rs)

SCIENTIFIC SENIORS

JOSEPH I. CORNELL

Born Dec.ember 24, 1903 Nyack, N. Y.
Entered Andover 1917

"JOE"

First St., Bayside, L. I., N. Y.





ANIMAL ATTRACTION

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100] Erroll's blood." He means Lady Diana Delves-Broughton, who married his father in 1955. (It was Diana's fourth marriage, his father's third.) The colonists often threw each other over for neighbors in various spouse-swapping recombinations. The social Rolodex was only so big then, as now, and the descendants, like the current Lord Delamere, are well familiar with one another's skeletons. But Cholmondeley somehow hasn't heard about the time Purves, on a drunken tear in nearby Nakuru, attacked his grandfather for letting Markham run amok on the ranch. Suffering a number of broken bones, D was in bed for six months, recovering. Purves went scot-free, and most of the colonists believed the whole thing was Markham's fault. D was forced to fire her, and many in her circle turned away, insisting she should have known better than to test Purves.

One of these friends was Karen Blixen; they fell out briefly too, but it didn't last. When things with Purves grew sour early on, Markham often fled to Blixen's coffee farm outside Nairobi for solace, crossing the 75 miles of open bush on horseback without a thought for lurking predators. Leopards never scared her, but love did. The bulk of her questionable life choices were made on the run from or toward a romantic entanglement, and yet I don't believe Finch Hatton was a mistake. He belonged to her friend the Baroness Blixen, true…as much as he could "belong" to anyone. But his iconoclasm and wildness ran parallel to Markham's in such a way that he opened her—in my view—to herself. In pursuing him fiercely, against good sense, she solidified, even as she pushed past her own edges. She began to do those things (to paraphrase Eleanor Roosevelt) she could not do. She learned to fly.

It is little known that when Finch Hatton died tragically, in 1931, at age 44—plummeting to earth in his de Havilland Gipsy Moth like Icarus spinning away from the sun—he was estranged from Blixen and very much involved with Markham. Neither woman so much as hints at the triangle in her memoir, nor does either intimate that on separate occasions each believed herself pregnant with Finch Hatton's child. Markham fled to London to terminate the pregnancy in 1925, and she knew better than to tell Finch Hatton, who seemed incapable of long-term monogamy, or of shouldering the burden of emotional obligation. Blixen miscarried twice, by her own estimation, losses that saddened her deeply and drove a wedge between her and Finch Hatton. These shadows aren't visible in *Out of Africa*, which mythologizes Finch Hatton and overperfects their love story, but in Blixen's letters to her family she admitted to feeling so weakened by her love for him that she sometimes considered suicide.

"I must *be myself*," Blixen wrote to her brother Thomas in April 1926, "achieve something that is mine and is me, in order to be able to live at all." That she was desperate for the kind of independence that came naturally to Markham is almost painfully ironic, since Finch Hatton's death unequivocally sealed Blixen to another fate, as his inalienable widow. He, her vanished lover, was fixed in amber. So too was the farm she lost to bankruptcy in 1931.

It was the success of Sydney Pollack's 1985 film adaptation of *Out of Africa* that catalyzed the creation of the Karen Blixen Museum. For a small tariff you can be transported to a more graceful age. As I stand marveling at the lovely preserved mahogany in Blixen's parlor, her pitted bluestone hearth and redolent frangipani trees, it comes to me that every inch of this house is a museum—not only to her life but to the complexities of the human heart. Markham, Finch Hatton, Blixen: These three were not simple people. And if they were cagey and difficult sometimes—unreliable narrators of their own lives—even so I can find something to admire in it.

After Finch Hatton's death the traumatized Markham swore she would never attend another funeral, and she kept her word. Instead, as often happened, she used pain as a lever to propel herself into the heart of what she feared most. One month after the accident she soloed for the first time, also in a Gipsy Moth, above the airfield at the Wilson Aero Club in Nairobi.

One of the oldest flying clubs in the world, the Wilson stands intact, and it's there, overlooking the airstrip where Markham first learned to fly, in 1929, that I meet and have lunch with Mark Ross, an American wildlife biologist turned bush pilot and safari guide, in the hope that I might understand something about adventure and fearlessness. Ross is obviously a spiritual descendant of the brave and eccentric pioneers I've come looking for. He earned his A license in 19 days of instruction, taught himself aerobatics by reading a book about it, regularly drops his 9,000-pound bush plane onto a murrum strip 450 yards long—10,000 feet up Mount Kenya—and once punched a leopard in the face when it jumped into a vehicle with safari clients.

"What drives people," I ask him, "to do dangerous things?"

"I take only calculated risks," he says, narrowing sharp blue eyes lest I challenge him. Then he goes on to say that one of his jobs as a safari leader is to get people to release their fear of the unknown. But I have long suspected that for a certain type of adventurous soul, like Ross, something in Africa works irrevocably on courage, driving such people to test themselves against the edge of experience, just as Markham did chronically.

She was constitutionally incapable of doing safe, ordinary work, or of letting things grow dull for even a moment. "A life has to move on or it stagnates," she wrote in *West with the Night*. "Every tomorrow ought not to resemble every yesterday." Not long after Finch Hatton's death, she became one of the few pilots in Africa, male or female, to have a commercial license, and she used her Avian to cart mail and passengers for a shilling a mile, and also to scout elephants by air for Blixen's husband Bror under impossibly dangerous circumstances. At the time, elephants were so plentiful in East Africa that Markham could fly over a herd for 10 minutes and not see the end of it. She and these early sport hunters—glorying in Nature's Zoo—likely would not have been able to fathom a time when Kenya would be desperate about its wildlife.

Many descendants of these pioneers—like Hugh Cholmondeley, or Will Craig and his family, in the Lewa Wilderness to the north, which I also visit—have turned vast family holdings into conservancies. The German entrepreneur and philanthropist Jochen Zeitz has created Segera, 50,000 acres of preserved land on the Laikipia Plateau, which houses a socially responsible retreat and game reserve with a balance of the 4Cs: conservation, community, culture, and commerce. This is a very different way of being a pioneer in Africa from the one his predecessors practiced, and yet Zeitz is not so far from landholders like Delamere or the Honourable Berkeley Cole, or even Clutterbuck. He has the soul of an adventurer and has long collected the unpublished letters of others who have explored Africa, including

David Livingstone, Karen and Bror Blixen, and Ernest Hemingway. Zeitz owns the 1929 Gipsy Moth used in the filming of *Out of Africa*, as it was a perfect match for Finch Hatton's plane. Yar and gleaming in a small hangar, it's a gorgeous time capsule.

I want only to climb in, to wear it like a skin, fly away over Mount Kenya's graphite tip. Instead I'm taken on a long game drive through the Segera Preserve; the limpid sky, thorn trees, and dramatic rock formations are all essentially unchanged since Precambrian times. Almost immediately we spot a herd of elephants in the watering hole. This is the daily ritual, Philip Rono, our guide, explains, of drinking their fill—a family affair. When the herd lurches out, slick and streaming, their path into the fever trees takes them within a few feet of our Land Cruiser, so close I can hear their huge wet feet making contact with the red dust, and also the water sloshing in their bellies, a heavy wineskin sound.

We see a journey of giraffes, running in what looks like slow motion, pendulum tails swinging. There are Grevy's zebras, elands, stolid buffaloes in a dry wallow—and always Mount Kenya, piled high with clouds just now, like curls of meringue. There is an *Out of Africa* picnic along the Ngare Nyiro River (piles of plush cushions in dappled shade, a table set with silver and bone china), and later I return to my cottage for a deep soak in the veranda's stone tub just after sunset. Stars push through dense black one by one, and then comes the thinnest sickle moon. This is the same immutable sky that Markham knew sleeping out as a bush pilot, and also as a girl in Njoro.

"Africa was the breath and life of my childhood," Markham wrote. "It is still the host of all my darkest fears, the cradle of mysteries always intriguing, never wholly solved." The mystery of the woman herself is only deepened by her writing—lyrical descriptions of paradise layered with pointed subterfuge. Instead of exposing the things that hurt her—her mother, for instance, or her father's betrayal—she romanticizes the difficulties of the natural world and of Green Hills, her father's farm, faultless as any Eden before the Fall.

The rich valley in Njoro where Markham spent her childhood is still a horse farm, now run by Bruce Nightingale, one of the most successful breeders of thoroughbreds in Africa. His son and daughter-in-law, Andrew and Zoe Nightingale, manage Kembu Farm and a collection of guest cottages, just below Clutterbuck's old gallops.

For 20 years Andrew tried to get a neighboring farmer to sell him the storybook cottage Markham's father built for her when she was 14—three cozy hexagonal rooms under a shingle roof. It was near condemnable when they finally brought it down the hill to its current spot. I spend one of my last few precious nights in Kenya there, waking before dawn to see Markham's favorite view, the eponymous green hill in the distance swaddled in blue mist, the distant Aberdare Mountains, the Menengai Crater, and, nearer by, a few dozen yearlings nosing the fence line, waiting for one of the grooms to bring breakfast. The past hasn't held still for me, not exactly. Markham hasn't either, yet I know something intangible about her from staring at the same ceiling and walking in the dust under the same searing equatorial sun. How could I not?

Down the hill stands a railway station the locals call Cluttabucki, after Markham's father; it's where D first stepped into the Rift Valley in 1902 to settle here, and where the pioneer experience really began. Markham is surely a daughter of colonialism, but she would rather have belonged to the Kipsigis village on her father's land. By night she would slip out her window to join Kibii's family around the fire in their hut, hungry for their stories rather than her own.

Before I leave Africa I'm invited to a similar village—this one Maasai. Behind a high thorn enclosure, there to shield the village cattle and children from predators, mud and daub huts sit as they have for hundreds of years. Inside I rest on a low hide pallet, parchment-smooth, and close my eyes. The walls smell like ancient fire, as do the morani, or warriors, who dance in red patterned shukas and carry ornamental spears. They ululate in quickening rhythm around a bonfire spitting cinders, pulling song from the deepest places, their feet swirling dust.

In *West with the Night*, Markham writes about competing with Kibii to see who could leap higher, something I have always understood as a simple child's game until I see the Maasai morani do it as the women watch, wrapped in splendid lengths of cloth. Then it strikes me that Markham was a warrior more than a woman—or a warrior and a woman. Because of this distinct beginning place. Because her mother vanished. Because the world robbed her of safety, and the rules dissolved. Violently and bit by bit she was fitted perfectly to her Africa, and it to her. Here, in the place that made her, beautifully damaged, she flung herself at the sky, believing she could tame it.

And she did. «


BOUNDARY ISSUES

WHEN YOUR NEIGHBOR IS SUPERRICH, FORGET GOOD FENCES. YOU NEED A GOOD LAWYER AND DON'T ASK FOR A CUP OF SUGAR UNLESS YOU WANT A SIDE OF EGGS.

BOUNDARY ISSUES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111] One day, after a sidewalk encounter, the two found a way to compromise. Then, in a surprising and hopeful turn for anyone in a neighbor war, the famously controlling mogul began to eat in the restaurant regularly. When Delgrange lost his lease, in 2012, Perelman partnered with him to open a bigger place several blocks away. "Sometimes you can make the wind turn," Delgrange told me.

Resolution, while not common, isn't impossible. Rosen saw the value of conciliation when he turned his Hirst sculpture around, even if it wasn't in violation of any local laws. After years of war, Belushi buried the hatchet with Newmar by offering her a part on his TV series, *According to Jim*. Last summer Martha Stewart employed preemptive diplomacy when she gave a party in East Hampton. She couldn't accommodate all her neighbors at a celebration for Dom Pérignon, so she hand-delivered bottles of champagne to the uninvited.

A friend who lives in Newport, on the ocean, has been asked by less fortunately situated neighbors to keep her privet lower than she would like so they can enjoy the view. In the interest of harmony she complies, and an imperfect peace prevails. "I just try to do the best I can," she sighs.

The truth is that it's harder to dislike people once you get to know them. Consider Ann Dexter-Jones, who rented a house one distant summer in our quiet Long Island village. She was still married to rock star Mick Jones and had several popular teenagers in the house, including Mark and Samantha Ronson—not yet famous DJs. There were parties. "And of course the neighbors complained," she told me. That would have been David Meitus, a mosaics company owner, and Angela Westwater, the contemporary art dealer. "But when they spoke to me about the noise, we liked each other so much that we became friends," Dexter-Jones went on. Soon her children gave a party for 150 people. There were no complaints. "Yes, we heard the music, but it was, of course, very good," Meitus told me.

Paradise regained. «



CLASS REBEL

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116] out feels infinitesimal compared to 30 years ago," says Tony Rotundo, a recently retired faculty member who taught my 11th-grade U.S. history course and went on to write *American Manhood*, a well-reviewed study of masculinity from Revolutionary times up to the modern era. The school also provides support for ethnic minorities. Andover's Allianza Latina student club, for example, includes members from 11 different Latino backgrounds. Attitudes toward teenage sexual identity have evolved as well. To my knowledge there were no out gay students at Andover in the early 1980s. That started to change a few years after I graduated, and in 1989 Andover became the second U.S. private school to sanction a Gay-Straight Alliance club on campus. Among those who responded to a recent survey in the *Phillipian*, the weekly student newspaper, 14 percent identify as gay, bisexual, or unsure, and Andover employs an official LGBT Advisor.

Palfrey is married to his college sweetheart, Catherine Carter, who teaches at a public elementary school in Cambridge. Along with two young children and a golden retriever named Guthrie, they live in Phelps House, an imposing Federal mansion that serves as the head of school's official residence. Palfrey is a ubiquitous figure on campus, often seen speedwalking to classes, faculty meetings, rehearsals, team practices, and the dining hall. He worries that his equally driven charges spend too much time working, too much time on their devices, and not enough time sleeping. During a 10th-grade English class that we attended together, he made a point of asking how long the students had spent on their homework. "Kids work very hard here, if not too hard," he says. "They are incredibly devoted to getting the most out of the experience."

On the academic front Palfrey is implementing what he calls "connected learning," a model of education that blends traditional classroom teaching with digital tools, including a new iPad-based curriculum for science, math, and foreign languages. He is also maintaining Andover's traditional focus on preparing students for lives of public service. In partnership with the education website Khan Academy, Andover students recently helped design a new calculus curriculum that serves Khan Academy's global audience of online learners. Andover's Niswarth program (*niswarth* is Hindi for *non sibi*) has sent students to India to work in education programs that benefit children living in poverty. Closer to home, a program called Andover Bread Loaf sends students and teachers to lead creative writing workshops for public school students in the hardscrabble town of Lawrence, just down the hill.

Thanks to mobile technology, the Andover bubble is certainly more permeable than it used to be. "There was a time when these schools were about getting dropped off in the station wagon right after Labor Day," Palfrey says. "The next time you saw your parents was around the holidays, and ideally you survived, right?"

The digital revolution changed all that. As a dorm counselor in the 1990s, Rotundo remembers learning to use AOL Instant Messenger under the tutelage of his teenage daughter, who soon had to show him how to turn off the service when parents started barraging him with messages about their children at all hours. Many of the students I met seemed to communicate with their parents at least once a day, if not more often. "My mom texts me all the time," says Diana Tchadi '14, a Cameroonian-American who grew up in Iowa and captained the girls varsity track and soccer teams during her senior year.

Andover students today seem significantly more comfortable with authority figures than we were. I first met Tchadi at an afternoon soccer practice for which Palfrey showed up in full kit and scrimmaged with the varsity girls. I watched from the sidelines as he bounded up and down the field like an eager, highly coordinated antelope. Very much a team leader, Tchadi addressed her head of school as "Palf-Dog," as in "Yo, Palf-Dog, on your right!" This would have been unthinkable behavior in my day. It seemed routine around Palfrey, who has sparked a minor personality cult on campus. Walking from his office to Commons on a sunny fall day, he provoked a steady stream of frantic waves and cries of "Hi, Mr. Palfrey!" from students, one of whom wore a T-shirt emblazoned with the slogan GOT PALFREY?

During his first year at Andover, Palfrey taught an elective seminar called "Hacking," in which he helped students tease out the complex ethical implications of major hacking stories, such as the Wikileaks affair, and nudged them to apply his high-minded version of the hacker ethos to their own lives. "I learned that hacking is not about breaking into somebody's computer and stealing their data," says M.J. Engel '13, who took the course in her senior year and is now a rising junior at Columbia. "It's about taking yourself out of whatever bubble you live in and thinking critically about how to change it for the better."

After taking Palfrey's Hacking course, Engel and a few other girls launched a campus group called Feminism = Equality (F=E for short), which was dedicated to raising awareness about sexism on campus. Only four girls had been elected student body president since the advent of coeducation in 1973. In an effort to remedy this imbalance, Engel persuaded the student council to replace the position of school president with two co-presidents. They hoped this would encourage boys and girls to run for president in mixed pairs, thus promoting gender diversity in student leadership. It worked. Although two boys won the presidential election in 2013, mixed pairs have triumphed in each of the past two years. "I love seeing kids learn in ways where the school itself is a lab," Palfrey says.

Compared to my generation, Andover students seem more inclined to the sophisticated activism that drove F=E and less toward old-fashioned adolescent rebellion. This isn't to say students aren't subject to the same hormonal drives and judgmental lapses as their predecessors. Rates of drinking, drugging, and sexual activity seem to track the general teenage population, according to the annual student survey published in the *Phillipian*. Andover has always been a "second chance" school, meaning that students aren't normally expelled until the second major offense. But the context of modern rule-breaking has changed, argues Peter Currie '74, the president of Andover's board of trustees. "There's still plenty of knuckleheaded behavior that's endemic to adolescence," says Currie, a prominent Silicon Valley investor who served as chief financial officer at Netscape and more recently as lead independent director of Twitter. "But

the core proposition is not that authority figures are all jerks, and I'm going to disobey them because they're jerks."

Maybe that's because Andover students model their attitudes toward authority on the digitally mediated but nonetheless close relationships that most maintain with their parents. Maybe it's also because they understand that they live in an ever more competitive world and need adult help to get where they want to go, which is typically to one of the name brand colleges that New England prep schools were created to feed. Yet elite universities are accepting fewer Andover students than they once did, not because Andover kids are any less qualified but because the top colleges are now drawing from a global talent pool. In 2014, for example, 12 Andover graduates matriculated at Yale. That sounds impressive until you consider that in 1936, Andover men made up 10 percent of the Yale freshman class.

Meanwhile, today's high school students were weaned on recessionary horror stories of Ivy League graduates sleeping in parental basements between barista shifts. In short, an elite private education no longer provides quite the same passport to professional status and economic security it once did. Those lengthening odds can unnerve kids who have grown used to succeeding at everything they do. "Part of you thinks that you're the cream of the crop," says Stephen T. Moreland IV, a 2014 graduate who edited the *Phillipian* during his senior year. "And then college season rolls around and you realize that not everybody goes on to the top schools."

It's also harder to win a spot at Andover these days. Last year the school accepted only 14 percent of applicants, down from about 30 percent in the early 1980s. As with most elite private schools, however, your chances of getting in rise significantly if you have relatives who went to Andover. Last year it accepted 58 percent of "direct legacy" applicants, those with a parent who attended the school, versus 10 percent of applicants with no family connection. How does this square with the ideal of a meritocratic institution that welcomes able youth from every quarter?

Palfrey rejects the suggestion that the school's legacy preference might be related to a heavy reliance on alumni donors to fund expensive programs like need-blind admission. He points out that many legacy applicants don't come from wealthy families and argues that kids from legacy families are more likely to get in because they are more likely to arrive at the admissions office with the academic chops and cultural capital you need to thrive at Andover. "There's no legacy preference here if there's not a fit for the kid," he says.

So what is the point of prep schools like Andover, if not to perpetuate a dynastic elite? Ultimately, Palfrey seems called to meld the old Andover ethic of public service with the modern hacker ethos of reinventing civic institutions. "I'm trying to tell students that they can be actors on the public stage right now by virtue of what digital technologies allow," he says. "You can create the problems that millions of people will use to learn mathematics. You can reinvent libraries, because we know that they aren't going to be warehouses for books, but they are going to be core to the engagement of communities in intellectual and civic life. You can figure out what the next version of a great journalistic enterprise is going to be." The headmaster smiles, then shrugs: "Go do it."

During my last night at Andover, Palfrey and I attended an editorial board meeting of the *Phillipian*, down in the basement of Morse Hall, a sturdy pile of red bricks where I struggled through geometry and algebra classes back in the day. There is no censorship at Andover, so *Phillipian* editors are free to print what they like. In recent months the editors had politely derided the administration's ban on grinding at school dances and featured an opinion piece by a senior from the United Arab Emirates who argued that the recent U.S.-Russia deal to destroy Syria's chemical weapons represented a Western conspiracy against a legitimate Arab government. However, two faculty advisers attend editorial meetings, where they critique the most recent edition of the paper and offer journalistic tips.

The previous week's *Phillipian* led with a front page story about a chemistry instructor, Kevin Cardozo, who had just moved Andover's entire chemistry curriculum online so that students at other schools could use it to help prepare for the AP chemistry exam. One of the advisers suggested that the top story should have been the school's decision to hold separate fall dances for ninth graders and upperclassmen. "That's your lead," she said, stabbing the paper emphatically. Most of the student editors nodded in agreement, suggesting that the Andover bubble remains at least partly unpunctured. «

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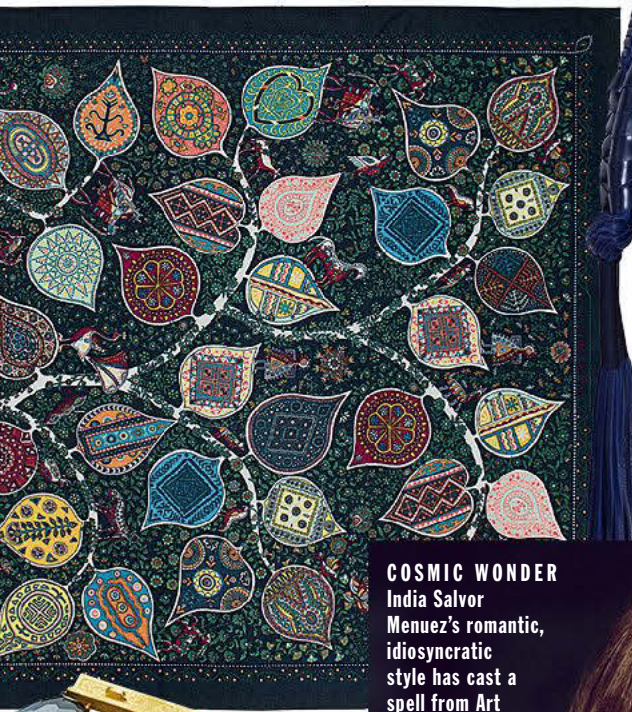
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DESKTOP

Hot DATES

AN UNCOMMON *APPROACH TO* SCHEDULING *IN THE* DIGITAL AGE.

With social plans as fluid as the sea and handheld devices ruling our lives, it would be mad to rely on a desk calendar, with its inky permanence and fixed position. Yet consider the appointment that is noted, if not in stone then with something that has more heft than a few strokes of the keypad. All of a sudden the month ahead—this version illustrated with whimsical elegance by Hayley Sarno—inspires a bit more anticipation. It's not just the schedule that calls for a moment's pause; engraved invitations are filed in the slots of a silver toast rack, handwritten notes and sketches are strewn across a tabletop of treasures, and a jumble of no. 2 pencils mingle with plush makeup brushes. As for the antique boxes perched here and there, they store trinkets that, like the dates themselves, are worth keeping. «

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